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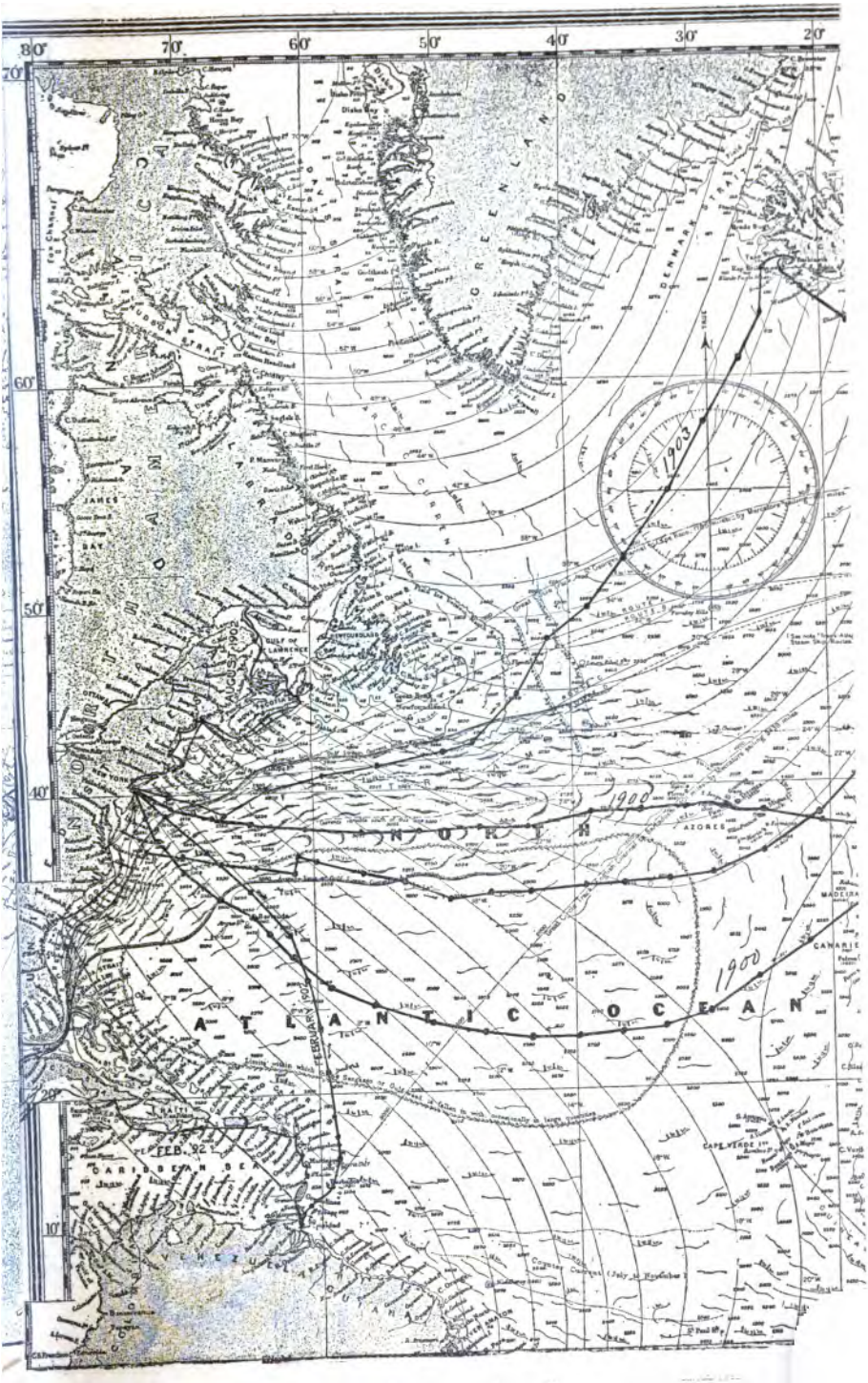

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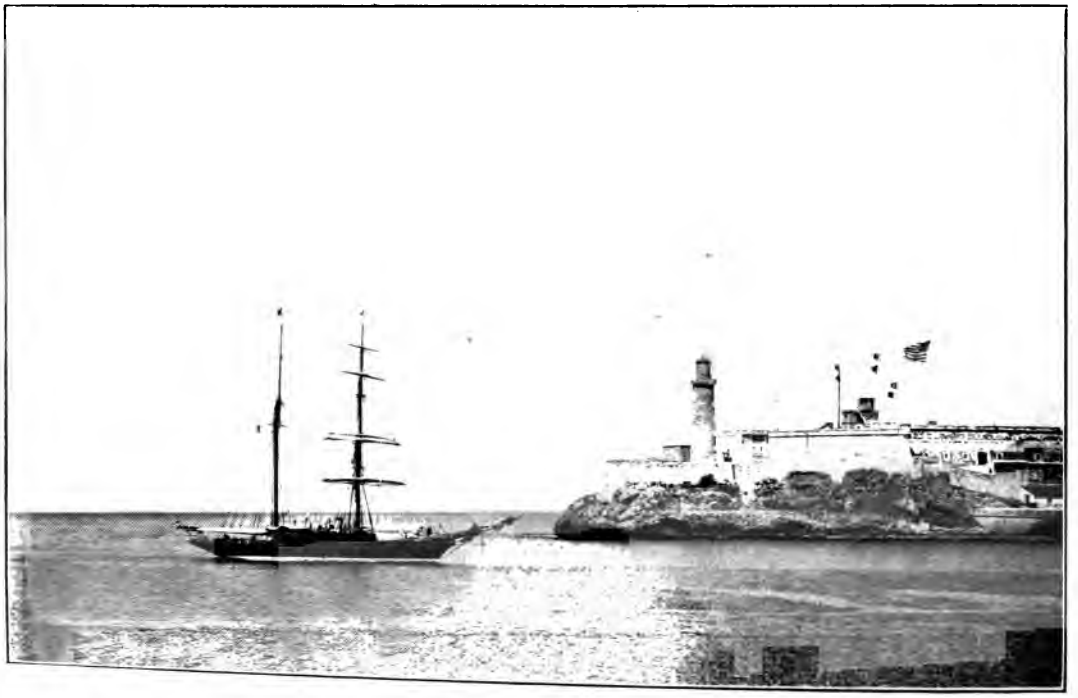

Off Morro Castle, Havana—March 21st, 1902

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CONTENTS.

PART I.

ALOHA IN THE WEST INDIES.

PAGE

CHAPTER I. 13

CHAPTER II.
Barbados and Trinidad 28

CHAPTER III.
The Windward Islands 38

CHAPTER IV.
Santa Cruz 45

CHAPTER V.
Puerto Rico 47

CHAPTER VI.
Cuba 52

CHAPTER VII.
Nassau and Home 63

PART II.

GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE AND CAMPING IN QUEBEC.

CHAPTER I.
Official Duties 73

CHAPTER II.
Sailing Northward 79

CHAPTER III.
In Camp 91

CHAPTER IV.
Gulf of St. Lawrence 100

CHAPTER V.
In Familiar Waters 107

Part III.

NORTHERN LATITUDES.

PAGE

CHAPTER I.
Off Shore Again 117

CHAPTER II.
Reykiavik and Thingvallir 126

CHAPTER III.
Interior of Iceland 137

CHAPTER IV.
Islands of the North Sea 144

CHAPTER V.
Environs of the Nord Fjord 149

CHAPTER VI.
On Sea and Land 154

CHAPTER VII.
Christiania to Edinburgh 163

CHAPTER VIII.
In Old England 171
Aloha's Song 179

APPENDIX.
Homeward Bound 183

List of Illustrations.

Off Morro Castle, Havana ..... Frontispiece

Facing Page

The West Indian Party 18

Near Barbados 28

Native Laundry 32

Harbor, Kingston, St. Vincent 38

Carib Hut 41

Tropical Avenue 53

In the Good Old Summer Time 73

Northward Bound 80

No Wind—Steam Ordered 85

Camping on St. John's River 93

The Trout Pool 96

Our Lookout 109

All Aboard for Iceland 117

Preparing for a Blow 122

Plain of Thingvallir 126

All Man's Rift 129

Valholl 131

An Iceland Chasm 134

Off to the Geysers 137

Farewell Glimpse of Thingvallir 140

Street in Lerwick 145

Stave Church 147

A Narrow Waterway 149

Norwegian Hay-making 151

Romsdal Valley 154

View from Stalheim 156

An Overhanging Roof of Snow 160

The Viking Ship 164

"The Coach Made About Nine Knots an Hour." 171

THE FIRST ALOHA

When Hawaii lay an infant
In its Ocean mother's care,
All the family of nature
Longed that mother-love to share.

With those sea-foam arms around it
And the rainbow eyes above,
Lay the Ocean-born Hawaii,
Nursed in tenderness and love.

Kindly nature watched and waited
At the nightfall, through the day,
As it sought a first faint whisper
Or some word the child might say.

Hark! the mother caught its murmur,
Wrapt it in her sweet sea tone,
Passed "Aloha" to the breezes,
Echoed it from zone to zone.

Never shone the sun more brightly
Ne'er more sweet the fall of rain,
As the sounds of glad creation,
Blended in one word again.

Come ye to Hawaii's cradle,
Learning there the meaning sweet;
Hear the kind "Aloha" whispered;
With it one another greet.

Still these echoes brood above it,
O'er the mountain top and palm
As they yield to ev'ry nation
Thoughts of joy and peace and calm.

How it stirs the heart in homeland!
How it draws from distant scenes!
All the blessings one can wish thee,—
That is what "Aloha" means.

Philip Henry Dodge.

PART I

ALOHA IN THE WEST INDIES

February and March, 1902

From the Journals of

J. S. L., F. L. S. & F. B. C.

WANDERINGS OF ALOHA

CHAPTER I

Has Wednesday, February 12th, 1902, dawned like every other day of every other year? Has it dawned like all days since the sun was hung in the heavens and the earth was declared with form and not void?

As I look from my window upon some of the three million inhabitants of this city, passing to their work or play, is it possible that not one hears the still, small voice which is setting my blood aflame, crying: "Aloha sails to-day!"

Is it possible three millions of inhabitants are going about their business unmindful of this great fact—dead to the ecstasy of expectation which fills the air, unconscious that the sun is more brilliant than ever before, that the air has a special sparkle, that the ozone is intoxicating—and all because a queenly boat lies in Tebo's basin awaiting our arrival, to spread her wings and speed to the Islands of the Blessed? Alas poor three million, who cannot all be the six happy guests hurrying into carriages, piling on luggage, gathering farewell flowers from outstretched hands and wending happy ways to the sister city where lies that magic wharf!

In order that we might steam out from the dock at Tebo's basin, a way had to be cut through the ice for Aloha. Saying good-bye to the friends and relatives, who had come to see us off, the commodore's flag was run up, the parting salute of the cannon fired, and at eleven forty-five we had begun our journey down the Bay.

Aloha's party includes our host and hostess, Commodore and Mrs. Arthur Curtiss James, hereafter known as Arthur and Harriet;

Dr. and Mrs. Henry P. Loomis, called by some Harry and Julia; Mr. F. Louis Slade and Miss Florence B. Chatfield, the two latter answering to the names Louis and Chatty; Christine and a crew of twenty-eight men.

While the streets of the city are clad in snow and the day is most exhilarating, out on the water the air has such an icy chill, we are glad to go below, don our warmest clothing and arrange our rooms for possible rough weather and for possibly rougher feelings later on.

After luncheon, bundled up in furs and rugs, we sit on deck taking note of passing things of interest: The German yacht Hohenzollern steaming into port to take part in the festivities which will be incident to Prince Henry's arrival, the Scotland-Light ship and, finally, the fading shore. It is just eight years to the day, since Coronet sailed on her first West Indian cruise and Arthur and Harriet are recalling the terrible snowstorm and blizzard which delayed them then, and contrasting it with this sparkling day and favoring wind.

The motion is delightful, and landlubbers like Harry and myself take courage as darkness sets in and we have time to take stock, so to speak. We are looking quizzically in each other's faces; we are to be companions for six or seven weeks, and the human interest is to be added to that of sightseeing. Captain and Mistress Captain, Chatty, Louis, Harry and myself—what capabilities lie in our hands for adding to, or detracting from, one another's pleasure!

I suddenly realize in this matter that my potential self is becoming of hourly increasing importance as a factor—a self, under interested conditions! What will it mean to me for weal or woe during the next few days, and, alas! what may it mean in consequence to the others?

I pray for a hardened stomach and sea legs made to order. It is said the young of no species comes into the world with everything to learn as does the human child. How strange is the feeling at the epoch of mature life as a land animal, to find, as we drift out to sea, that it is coexistent with the water baby! To be listening with questioning eyes, such as little children have

with their first readers, when nautical terms become the language of the company!

The calls of the sailors are as Greek, the names of things on the boat, of the sails, ropes, stairs, and rails have an unknown terminology; and long-familiar expressions, such as "going to bed," "going downstairs," or "What o'clock is it?" have become unintelligible and are met with smiles. All of life to be learned over again! Even physical equipoise, and as the boat's pace quickens, I begin to think, also mental balance, to be attained! Surely there is work cut out for the next few days.

We have a jolly dinner in the saloon. All have a part to fill in the ship's requirements; Louis is to be banker, Harry the doctor, Chatty the musician; I am ordered to be historian. How unfortunate for history, that only a woman is left to fill this chair! I feel overwhelmed at feminine inability to chronicle seafaring events accurately, at personal inability to describe with calm dispassionateness. Oh, why isn't there another man on board to take this honorable position and do it justice! I commend myself to the mercy of my fellow-passengers and future readers as only the best there was at hand; and so placed in this position as a stop-gap, and because nature and yachts abhor a vacuum in their passenger list. Speaking of vacuums—but that did not come until later. The real motion only commenced next morning.

How cosy and comfortable was the saloon that evening! The steam heat was turned on, there was a coal fire in the grate and the electric lights burned under subduing shades. Outside the watch called: "All 's well!" and the captain reported a most favoring wind, all sails set and a speed of ten knots, with Arthur on watch from eight to twelve. We were headed for the Bermudas.

A comfortable night followed in the roomy staterooms, but morning found us rocking in the first onset of a snow-storm. Here must of necessity follow a break in the history. The historian was disabled in company with one or two others.

THURSDAY, FEB. 13TH.—Report in the shape of Charley, the second steward, "had it," that the wind was following and we

were speeding, but that the decks were covered with ice and snow and "Madame was more comfortable in her cabin."

With the tried old salts, Arthur and Louis, I breakfasted in the deck saloon, and later in the day Harriet made her appearance, but the doctor and Mrs. Loomis came not up at all, taking no interest in things above or in things below! With a fresh northwest wind and frequent snow squalls, the deck is very wet and sloppy. During the afternoon the sea grows rougher and rougher, the motion so uncomfortable, that our attempts to play whist are finally abandoned, the black and red figures of clubs, spades, hearts and diamonds being woefully mixed up in the heads of some of us!

We shipped two immense seas amidships, which came into the deck saloon and down the stairs, soaking carpets, rugs and cushions, which were thrown to the floor with the heavy roll.

FRIDAY, FEB. 14TH.—St. Valentine's Day. Stormy conditions maintained, and the day was memorable only for the variety of motions introduced to notice, and the consequent cheering visits of those Job's comforters, Louis and Arthur, who appeared from time to time in the doorway in oilers, happy, rosy, saying the day was "great" and hoping we were pulling through all right. And the evening and the morning were the third day!

SATURDAY, FEB. 15TH.—Saturday morning your historian became introspective, also apprehensive that, unless the mystery of two motions tending toward a common center was solved, this history would never be written—at least not by her!

In the afternoon, the sun came out, and all passengers met on deck, some through force and some through suasion. Bermuda was only seventy-five miles off and all nature smiled. The day before was St. Valentine's Day, and Mistress Captain had found a substantial mail in her desk for all, but the reading of the tender missives was postponed until all were present to hear. Saturday afternoon about four became the chosen moment and easy-chairs on deck, near the wheel, the chosen place.

Louis was called upon to sing of arms and of men, and right gallantly did he bear himself through tender sentiment and gushing prose, nor did he show the white feather when one innocent envelope developed a permit for himself into the Realms of Love. Yes, Louis looked very debonair, perched up on the gangway ventilator, with yachting cap at a sporting angle, his eyes sparkling over the tender admissions of friends, who had been only too glad to seize the privilege of the day.

I at once offered myself as caretaker of his youthful affections, and guaranteed a safe return to his native land if he would but trust my guidance. He thereupon dubbed me "Mother," a name which clung for the rest of the voyage, leaving me the only retaliation of calling him "Sonny."

Suddenly, about half-past five, a steamer bound northward hove in sight. While the officers attended to the customary courtesies and salutes, we were busy with spy-glasses and learned that it was the Trinidad, the regular steamer plying between Hamilton, Bermuda, and New York. We signaled her to report us in New York, hoping that our friends would see the news in the Herald.

We turned in early, anticipating an early breakfast on shore. At midnight I heard it reported that we had sighted the lighthouse and fell forthwith into a happy sleep, not knowing that a cruel jaw yawns at the entrance of Hamilton Harbor; and woe betide the vessel venturing between the coral reefs without a pilot, or blown thither by unfriendly winds! One of the worst harbors in the world, it has a coral reef extending ten miles out to sea, and reaching up so close to the surface of the water as to literally impale any vessel unmindful of its bearings or helpless in the teeth of an on-shore gale.

Arthur and Harriet were the only ones of the party who had ever been to Bermuda, so we were keenly anticipating a day or two on shore amid new scenes, familiar only to the imagination quickened by past reading.

FEBRUARY 16TH.—Sunday dawned, or rather we inferred it dawned, for nothing dawned below decks except the consciousness that Aloha was not in port and that "the best laid plans of mice

and men oft gang agley." How gently Charley broke the news, between smiles of pity for me and of pleasure for himself, that "we are many miles from Bermuda," that a strong on-shore wind had sprung up during the night, and the captain had decided the only safe thing to do was to put to sea!

We were really in the teeth of a gale, and were hove to on the starboard tack, with sails furled and only enough canvas spread, as I understand it, to steady the boat as much as possible in her onward plunges. It was a wild day. All the demons of air and water seemed rioting. Aloha was shaken from stem to stern in this witches' carnival, but undauntingly steadied herself under the pounding of the waves; and as the water washed through the scuppers as if sucked in by some unseen foe, she would raise her bow proudly and appear to chase the water which had just passed over her, in very defiance.

Arthur and Louis made friendly visits of encouragement to the staterooms, from time to time, and Chatty, too, was a welcome visitor, once or twice down herself, but never downed. We all met at luncheon in the deck saloon, but, alas! one at least of the party presented a series of Living Tableaux which have unfortunately seemed to remain in the memory of her amused, if sympathetic, companions.

Tragedy was the muse transcendent that day as far as the historian can recollect, and even the gay tones of the Æolian piano played by Arthur and Louis in relays, and wafting arias up from below, failed to scatter the general depression.

Captain Arthur was on deck all day and had also been taking a lion's share of the watches at night. We all turn in with a blissful sense of security in spite of the storm, knowing him to be in command and fully alive to every need of boat or crew.

During the afternoon we had tried to sail, but at midnight hove to again. We were drifting southeast by east and had been unable to take any observations since Saturday noon.

FEBRUARY 17TH.—Monday was dull but with a moderate sea running. We were heading in a southeasterly direction, and Mr. Lake said he did not understand the prevailing condition of

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smooth sea and falling barometer, with other untoward signs. It was a strange combination, difficult to decipher.

We were all on deck, taking peaceful if not keen interest in what was going on about us; the thin spare frame of Mr. Lake outlined against the sky, as he leaned on the taffrail, studying the horizon as one looks in the face of a friend to learn more of his mood than he is willing to betray. Occasional consultations with Captain James in subdued whispers; Mate O'Brien passing up and down from time to time, casting side glances at the muffled figures in the steamer chairs, and the nice little quartermaster at the wheel. What a pretty Swedish boy he is, and how monotously his voice rings out in replies to the orders from the officers!

That and the musical chiming of the bells, marking the flight of hours and half-hours, with the leaden gray sky and sea, soothe one irresistibly.

Life has begun to circumscribe itself to the area of a monocellular existence. That cell, when quiescent, fills the earth with joy, when insistent demands instant attention from all the faculties; when replete sinks all the members into blessed oblivion. The gray matter of the brain seems absorbed into waiting upon the whims of the stomach, and the whole man is at one with his center.

FEBRUARY 18TH.—Tuesday morning we awoke to a clear bright day, with wind from southwest and the sun shining at noon for the first observations possible in three days, which showed that we had been blown two hundred miles southeast of Bermuda since the storm of Saturday night. Suddenly, at one o'clock, we hove to, and at four the mystery of the strange signs was revealed when a terrific gale burst upon us.

The storm of Sunday melted into insignificance. Arthur at the time said it was the worst storm he had ever been in, though he had encountered a typhoon off the coast of Japan, which was very severe.

The sea was lashed to a fury almost at once; the waves piled up higher than the yards, thirty-five feet above the deck. It

seemed as if it must be impossible for any boat to live in such a sea, and at dusk oil-bags were put out to calm the waves. Near the boat it did seem smoother and the big seas did not break and crash upon us.

Very serious were our thoughts, and never before have the powers of God been so manifest to us, and our own insignificance so apparent. There was a majesty in the sight of those gigantic crests, and we soon learned to know that Aloha feared them as little as she had the milder moods of ocean.

Arthur we only saw from time to time, as he ran in with hair and beard dripping and pools of water forming round his feet, to report all well and to answer anxious, if useless inquiries as to how soon under heaven did he think it would stop.

The fury of the storm kept up until well past midnight. The mast below creaked portentously, and sleep was impossible. It was a night for meditation, not for somnolence, and Arthur, officers and sailors were being tested to the limit of physical endurance.

Morning dawned as gently and as brightly as if it had all been one long nightmare, and only the great following rollers remained to mark the fury of the storm's path. The noon observation showed we were but sixty miles on our course, but the wind veered to the right direction, so sails were set and we started southward at six or eight knots an hour.

So great was the rolling, however, that our chairs had to be lashed to the deck, and we were careful not to move about more than necessary. Mate O'Brien waxed loquacious on the wonderful seaworthiness of Aloha, and we all smiled confidently at the thought of our craft and our Captain.

The first week of our voyage was now over. It proved to be only the stormy entrance to the *vita beata* of the next six weeks. Surely a small price to pay for all that was to come; yet how homesick, seasick and blue had the doctor and the scribe been up to this time!

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 20TH.—After a calm and peaceful night, we are feeling happier, and all are, with the exception of the historian, at breakfast and on deck, to read aloud the cruise of Coronet in West Indian Waters from "Coronet Memories."

The sun is so warm that parasols are needed, and a portion of the deck has been turned into a drying yard for clothes, rugs, cushions, mattresses and in fact everything that had suffered during the storm, even to the people. The historian and Harry are even warming up, talking with interest of the proposed plan of giving up the Mexican part of the trip and, instead, taking in the Windward Islands.

Will any of us ever forget these moonlit nights at sea! The air is soft and warm, we are alone on the ocean, for hundreds of miles there is no land; we have seen no boat, no sign of life other than ourselves, for days. We are moving gently forward by an unseen power.

The sky is almost cloudless. It is difficult to tell where the great azure depths of air and water meet, until slowly, at last majestically, rises the great queen of the night from below the horizon, and, lo! we see, what was not visible before, countless of her hand maidens dancing lightly over the dark spaces between. Sparkling, glowing in a long train of silvery beauty, they wait upon her beckoning, and follow as she moves.

Is that a glimpse too of the innumerable hosts of heaven, the beautiful cirrus clouds suddenly sprung into being along the horizon and mounting now to the very zenith, or are they only filmy veils which the moon draws closer to screen her beauty from our too ardent gaze? Oh, the beauty of it all, the majesty, the sublimity, of a night at sea such as this!

The others sing softly, as if spoken words were inappropriate, and only soft harmonies could not fail to mar the exquisiteness of nature. Longfellow must have remembered a night like this when he wrote—

"*My soul is full of the longing for the secret of the sea,*
As the heart of the great ocean sends a thrilling pulse through me."

It is at such times that we thank God we have an answering pulsating chord, uniting heart and head and melting away again into the unknown depths of our being.

Almighty God, who hast made all this, what is man that Thou art mindful of him?

We step lightly away at last to turn in, leaving the quartermaster alone at the wheel.

FRIDAY, FEB. 21ST.—Ninety-one miles since the noon observation yesterday, and the motion of the sea for the first time suggests poetic thought or recalls sentimental quotations. The galloping, rushing turmoil of great waters has given place to a friendly rocking motion, subsiding gently hour by hour, as does a cradle when the foot moving it grows weary, or the lullaby is done. Even the wind is dying to a low crooning as the sails flap lazily and we realize that we have entered the Doldrums.

Arthur has ordered steam put on, to speed us on our way, and what a comfort it is to have steam to turn to, or rather to turn *on*, when the wind fails.

The Doldrums is a place of strange and unknown significance to us, but mean to sailors that belt of windless sea which centers in the great Equatorial current of the tropics. This current flowing from east to west separates those great persistent wind belts known as the Trades; one half flowing steadily from the northeast, the other half from the southeast, and both slanting toward the Equator, as at once the reason and the end of their existence.

How wonderful in thought as well as in fact are these great under-ocean currents and steady accountable winds! It comes almost in the nature of a shock—this first acquaintance with a future built upon the reliability of wind and wave.

"Tossed to and fro," "the wind bloweth where it listeth," etc., have always been synonymous with the uncertainties of life, and now one finds that these are the veritable unlying certainties of this world of ours, going on for countless ages as they have for æons in the past, immutable and unchanging as the planets.

Putting one's boat on the breast of a world current and into the arms of the Trade Wind is like resting one's life on the principle whose foundation is the Lord and whose builder and maker is God.

All the morning we have been reading aloud in "Coronet Memories," and when Arthur appeared from the chart room toward luncheon time and announced that our course was laid for Puerto Rico, it precipitated a long consultation as to plans during the rest of our voyage. The landlubbers of the party seem at last to have fairly sprouted sea legs, and the nautical members of the group therefore feel more confident in undertaking a longer stretch by sea. It was finally voted unanimously to make for Trinidad as the farthest objective point, returning to leeward of the long chain of islands lying to the east of the Caribbean Sea, and making a natural sequence of ports between there and Puerto Rico, which, if weather favors, would, so to speak, be a halfway-house on the journey home *via* Cuba and the Florida Straits.

The steady push of the machinery gives us all an energetic up-to-date feeling, and the spirit of the twentieth century is upon us. We suddenly feel the need of exercise; we read, we play whist, enter into stirring competition over dominoes, get out the heavy wraps and furs which were so comfortable a week ago, brush and beat them and put them away until another northern winter; having still unspent energy, we eat—oh, yes, let me confess, we eat regularly five times a day, and do not count the times between!

The steward's life is becoming a burden, I am sure. Breakfast is no sooner over than some one realizes how delicious ice cold bananas would be on deck; another expresses a predilection for cake.

Luncheon begins with grape-fruit and only ends with the limit of each one's capacity, but by five, all are clamoring for afternoon tea, and Captain James is known to forget to take observations for the single moment when he sees the bottom of his tea cup at the end of his nose.

Dinner is a succession of surprises, for this wonderful boat makes possible a wonderful larder, and we are at a loss some evenings to know whether we are dining á la Waldorf or á la Sherry. Á la Aloha is fast becoming of higher significance.

This day has been marked by an event I must not forget to note. Louis has worked out Sumner's method of nautical obser-

vations; has been diligently pondering over the weightier volumes of the ship's library and is now to be dubbed "assistant navigator." We feel very proud of his attainments, but regret the many hours of his delightful society which are lost while he star-gazes or sun-gazes, sextant in hand, or while he covers sheets and sheets of paper with labyrinths of algebraic formulæ.

SATURDAY, FEB. 22ND.—The American Eagle is screeching loudly to-day! The time-honored bones of Washington, I am sure, must have stirred just a little when the sound of our cannon clove the air at noon, the colors went up, and, above all, when the thrilling notes of the "Star-Spangled Banner" rose upward, led by Arthur with heaving chest, which even the weight of his brass buttons and conscious elegance of his new attire could not hold down. We have all donned light clothes, in honor of the tropical warmth descending upon us, our best, in honor of the birth of our famous countryman.

By the way, he once took a journey to this same island we are heading for, Barbados, and, I hear, was woefully seasick, in spite of the good prospects for a trade in rum. Ah, we are all well enough now to laugh gently at this bodily weakness of our hero. How strange that to-day it seems so clearly a weakness, while a week ago it would have seemed a tragedy.

At dinner we found as favors good-sized hatchets, made of course from the original cherry-tree at which George took so many hacks.

Harriet has finished reading aloud the "Tales of Simpkinsville," by Ruth McEnery Stuart. We have been much interested in the quaint, homely, sometimes pathetic stories.

The increasing warmth tells us we are in the tropics and waiting impatiently for the Trades. We are at the moment five hundred miles from Puerto Rico, six hundred from Barbados and eight hundred from Trinidad, but the wind is too easterly; we are going southwest by west, which is too westerly for our direct course.

A school of porpoise jumping around the bow amused us after luncheon. It has been a very happy day on board. We attribute

it partly to the cheer of Mistress Captain's first white gown and the Commodore's immaculate ducks.

SUNDAY, FEB. 23D.—A true Sabbath calm prevails. From noon to noon we tacked four times and are making very little headway.

At eleven o'clock, service was held in the large saloon. It was very impressive—with added meaning to the words of Scripture and of prayer, and the solemn somewhat abashed faces of the sailors in their Sunday togs, lined manfully against the wall, as Arthur read the beautiful litany of the Episcopal service. Louis read the 107th Psalm, and as the sonorous words sounded out, one could not but pray that the comforting thoughts might sink deep into each sailor's heart, to bear fruit when the moment of danger, so sure to come, overtakes him. They seem like boys—these sailor lads—even the older ones. Perhaps it is the proverbial cheerfulness of the tar, or perhaps it is the simplicity of nature, which is kept by those who battle with the universe's primal forces and in whose lives there is no time for hair-splitting distractions.

Chatty and Harriet led the singing, and I was amazed at the number of hymns there are bearing directly upon life at sea.

MONDAY, FEB. 24TH.—Another morn of calm warm weather, and we are steaming along with the awning over the after-deck, keeping off the glare and making it more comfortable for us to play dominoes and read aloud.

Since leaving New York, we have seen only two ships, and those were steamers. It seems strange that, although we are in the nineteenth degree of latitude, the longed-for Trade Winds have not been felt.

During the afternoon there is some evidence of a breeze, and Arthur's spirits go up like a barometer with fair weather in prospect.

When I was studying the "Geography of the Heavens," the constellations of the southern heavens were passed over, as I remember, rather lightly, and the only one of any magnitude which impressed itself upon my mind was the Southern Cross, which I

thought must be very brilliant, but would probably never be seen by my eyes.

How little do we know of the pleasures and disappointments that the future holds in store for us, and fortunate it is perhaps; but, as I look back and think of those school-days, what pleasure it would have given me had I known that I should some day visit the land where the Southern Cross is visible, and on the other hand how disappointed was I when I looked up into the sky this evening and actually saw the cross for the first time, lying very low along the horizon, so irregular in its shape and falling so far below my anticipations in brilliancy that I should have failed to recognize it had not some one pointed it out to me.

TUESDAY, FEB. 25TH.—This morning the awning has been taken down; all sails are set and we are scurrying along at a great rate with the Trade Winds, "The real thing at last," as Louis says. The night had been noisy and rough, the boat pitching and the waves crashing and banging against our ventilators. The water is so warm that the men are up early and have bucket baths on deck.

We are making ten knots an hour, later on eleven knots, and by noon should make two hundred and twenty-five miles, beating our best run of two hundred and ten.

The plan now is to stop at Barbados for a few hours, to send a cable and letters home.

Flying-fish are numerous, and Gough brought one for us to look at. They are very delicate, and when first taken out of water look blue, with transparent wings, like a dragon-fly.

Whist, dominoes and reading, as usual, fill the gaps of time in our day's programme, and evening again finds us sitting on deck until late, indulging in crackers, cheese and beer before turning in, while the yacht is humming along in quite a sea, causing a good deal of roll.

FEBRUARY 26TH.—The shouting of the sailors on deck wakens us as they shorten sail and reef the mainsail, a fresh breeze is blowing, and some of our party say that it is rough, but most of

us do not mind that now, for at nine-thirty we see what appears to be a low-lying cloud, which is reported as the Island of Barbados, our first sight of land in two weeks!

In reading Lafcadio Hearn's account of the blueness of the waters of the West Indies I thought the matter of color was rather overdone, but now I realize how much wiser it is to "suspend judgment," as one of our naval officers has said. The water is quite as blue as Mr. Hearn describes, varying in shades of blue from the deepest to the lightest, caused by the coral reefs and the shallowness of the water near the shore.

Far out from land the queer little fishing boats, with odd-shaped, dirty sails, catching barracouta and flying-fish, give us a reassuring sense of habitation near by; and after seeing the lighthouse and a wind-mill on a large sugar plantation, the shore and land become more distinct, and as we approach Bridgetown, the color effect is most enchanting. The gradual shading of the deep-blue water to light, almost green, blends into the sand of the shore and the beautiful green foliage of the palms and tropical verdure, in contrast to the white stucco of the houses with their red roofs.

When at anchor, the formalities of the quarantine officer and harbor master have to be gone through before we can land, and we are also visited by an agent of Da Costa, who is the Wanamaker or Siegel-Cooper of Bridgetown, and is ready to furnish us with ice, fruit, meat, groceries, pins, needles and carpets—in fact, anything needed, even to carriages for driving and sight-seeing.

By the time luncheon is finished, it is after two o'clock. The sea is very choppy, so that, instead of waiting for the launch, we engage one of the native row-boats manned by three sturdy colored boys, who wear very little clothing and are ready to dive into the water at the sight of money.

CHAPTER II

BARBADOS AND TRINIDAD

The boat landing is very low and made of stucco or white coral formation, and at our approach colored women, men and boys swarm about us. They all look clean; the women in white dresses which are evidently rather trailing, but for convenience are tied up around the hips, giving a very bunchy and high-hip effect, and certainly are very much more sensible and cleanly than some of our dreadful street-sweeping gowns.

The carriages furnished by Mr. Da Costa are waiting for us, and our first stop is made at the bank, on a narrow little street, where are most of the shops. On this same street is a tram-line, the cars of the roughest kind, drawn by mules; when a car comes along, one is obliged to move out of the way, as the street is not wide enough for the car and one's carriage, yet this is called Broad Street!

It is a busy thoroughfare, people walking to and fro, and with few exceptions they are colored. I think we are more impressed by the women, who carry themselves with springing step, and have a free easy swing, due, I suppose, to balancing baskets or trays resting on white pads on their heads. On the trays are flying-fish, dolphins, mangoes, limes, bananas, tarts, cakes and pottery "monkeys," or coolers, for water. I do not mean that these various articles are mixed in a heterogeneous mass, but are respectively grouped according to the vocation of the woman. They look very different from our colored people, their skin varying from dark brown and black to light, polished like horse-chestnuts.

One of the conductors of the open tram-cars amused us very much by his politeness when he stepped into the street, lifted the side curtain and assisted a passenger to alight, without the accompanying "Step lively, there!"

NEAR BARBADOS

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TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

A drive through the town shows us the barracks. The regiments are mainly made up from the colored natives, as is also the police force of the town. The roadway is of white coral, which is like a macadam, and people use the road for walking as well as driving, there being no foot-path.

We pass queer little carts drawn by donkeys, only one donkey for each cart, however, and in the cart perhaps a whole family of six or seven, three large men being often seen in one of these little two-wheeled affairs.

Our objective point was a sugar plantation and factory quite a distance out from the town, and on our way we were delighted with the beautiful cocoanut and royal palms, with their brilliant green trunks shaped like bottles; the banyan tree with dense shade, and its long strings or ropy-looking affairs, which drop from the branches to the ground, like innumerable attachments, or anchors, to Mother Earth. The mahogany tree, banana, bread-fruit with large leaves and green fruit, hedges of wild coffee plant, little white star flowers, also the hibiscus and poinsettia growing wild and in such profusion, filled us with admiration.

I had almost forgotten the tree with reddish brown seed pods fifteen to eighteen feet long, called "shock shock," or woman's tongue, from the rattling noise they make when blown to and fro in the wind.

The sugar when growing does not look unlike our fields of corn. At the factory we saw it in every stage, from being crushed, to that in form of crystals of brown sugar, when it is sent to New York for refining. The law about cutting the cane is very rigid, as was found when we wanted to cut some from a field along the road. However, most of the natives out in the country were sucking pieces of cane, and I presume in many cases it is their main form of nourishment.

During our drive we saw the house of Mr. Da Costa, a very attractive place, with its broad path bordered with flowers and wall of stucco.

The smaller houses are built so as to catch any breeze that may be stirring, and in many cases are largely composed of slat doors, over one of which a green lizard was leizurely crawling.

On our return in the cool of the afternoon we saw in a part of the barracks a colored marquee where they were serving cooling drinks to those who were playing tennis; it looked odd to see the girls playing the game in long skirts. A game of polo was also in progress on the grounds. Arthur and Louis would have been glad to join in a game of tennis, though the girls did not look attractive. The white women and children are very pale and unhealthy-looking.

The sea is more attractive than anything on land to Captain James, so we hurry back to the yacht, stopping at the Ice House, a sort of club for men, where a bulletin is posted, telling of a blizzard in New York, the fearful fire in the Park Avenue Hotel and the entire destruction of the 71st Regiment Armory.

While we were away from the yacht the Commander of the U. S. Training Ship Hartford called. During the Civil War Admiral Farragut was lashed to the mast of this same Hartford. After sight-seeing on land it is the greatest comfort to come back to our restful quarters on deck and a delicious meal of which we are sure. To-night flying-fish, which has to be cooked almost as soon as taken from the water, is served for the first time and is very good ; we reproach ourselves, remembering how they glistened as they skimmed along the water with their frail little wings.

Sitting on deck as the night came on we watched with interest the lights peeping out from the numerous port-holes in the training ship, like so many bright eyes in some gigantic black creature. As the hours passed, we heard the band of the ship play "The Star-spangled Banner," which sent a tingling sensation of patriotism through our veins. At the sound of taps, when all those eyes closed and went to sleep, we turned in with satisfaction and peace at the end of our first day on land after two weeks.

SATURDAY, FEB. 27TH.—At four a. m. I am wakened by the noise of the donkey-engine as the anchor is hoisted, and then the singing of the sailors, as they run back and forth over our heads, making sail to leave Barbados. By breakfast time we are well

out from sight of land. All day it is rough with strong winds but contrary current, tossing up a sea which looks green now instead of the beautiful sapphire blue, caused probably by the mingling of the waters of the Caribbean Sea with the Atlantic Ocean. When under way and sailing, the awning cannot be put up, and as it has grown so warm, it is not comfortable on deck until late in the afternoon. We are grateful for the cosy deck saloon, which the Coronet did not possess, but I must not let Arthur hear me say anything in the least detrimental to his first love.

At nine p. m. sighted a steamer, probably the Madiana, due at Barbados from Demerara, and which we hope will carry our letters to New York.

FRIDAY, FEB. 20TH.—Before dawn Captain James is called to take his watch. He is always on deck, night or day, when we are approaching land, giving us a double sense of security that we will not run on the rocks, and at six o'clock the lighthouse at the entrance of the Dragon's Mouth is sighted. This is a narrow strait between South America and the island of Trinidad; the shores are so near that it seems by stretching my arm out of the porthole I might touch the trees of South America, and I long to be able to say that I set my foot on that southern continent. Steam is put on when entering the Gulf of Paria and at half-past ten we anchor at Port of Spain, Trinidad, two miles from shore and among numerous vessels. A German battleship, the Falke, in full dress, is lying quite near us.

We are welcomed by a fleet of row-boats, each carrying from one to four women, who offer their services and clamor for the privilege of doing the laundry work.

I think there must be some lookout on duty all the time, who, at the approach of a yacht, gives the warning signal to the Washer Women's Union, for I am sure the entire force of the Port of Spain is now floating near our gang-way, showing their letters of recommendation from owners of other yachts that have been in port before us.

It is amusing and interesting to watch the push and perseverance of some of the women, while a few have that hang-back,

retiring nature that does not usually succeed in business of any kind. There is a deal of good-natured joking and some cross words among them before we can decide upon which woman to bestow the honor of washing our clothes at a very large price, and before anything can be turned over to them, we must be passed by the quarantine officer.

For that day and Saturday I think a goodly number of that washing sisterhood must have been kept busy, the yacht's linen being a large contract by itself.

The formation of the island of Trinidad is entirely different from Barbados; high hills and mountains towering up from the water's edge, here and there picturesque little houses dotted among the glorious foliage, which in a way suggests the beginning of our autumn coloring. I am at a loss to know where to begin and how to find words to express my feelings about this island, for it satisfies my ideas of tropical verdure and luxuriant growth.

I find I must land before I can say a word about the town; and as the men of the party have gone ashore in one of the native row-boats, Harriet, Mrs. Loomis and I try to possess ourselves in patience and peace under the awning on deck, finding it pretty hot in this most southern latitude, while waiting to hear from home.

A cable is brought out to us, for which we pay the colored man four shillings for delivering, but, my! how well worth it and more is the message it brings, in two words, "Effrondrait" and "Sky-lark," which require some hunting and causes excitement and joy in searching the code-book to find that the translation reads "Very glad to hear from you. All families well."

For us, who are so unaccustomed to such a decided change in temperature, from a New York winter to the intense heat of this tropical climate, it was deemed wise to put off sight-seeing until the cool of the afternoon, when we were rowed ashore by native colored men, to the dock where there is a flight of stone steps. Near by a ship is being coaled, colored women carrying the coal in large bags on their heads; their clothes are in tatters and rags, their feet minus stockings or shoes. What a condition of civilization!

NATIVE LAUNDRY—TRINIDAD

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Swarms of children, men and women seem to spring up from the very earth when we make a landing. They are all ready to run for carriages, and so far as can be seen in the barren streets, the prospect for securing such looks rather dubious. The dirt and smells are most forbidding, the disgusting looking vultures (scavengers, or street-cleaning department) walking about on their long awkward legs, flying or lighting on some piece of refuse, are the disagreeable features that meet our eyes in the streets around the docks.

Two carriages which were engaged by the men in the morning finally arrive. We are taken through some of the streets, two of the main ones being Frederick and King Streets and past the Queen's Park. The roads are macadamized and a few asphalted. The carriages have tops and are two-seated, with a small seat to be used if necessary; the drivers are colored men and wear high hats.

It seems as though we would go wild over the beauties of nature and are constantly calling one another's attention to something new, or to some unusual quality and size of tree which we had seen in Barbados. I have come out provided with pencil and paper, and when our coachman gives us information, and we ask many questions, Mrs. Loomis says "Chatty, put that down for the journal."

The houses are mainly one-story high and have many shutters or blinds. In the garden hibiscus, poinsettia, morning-glories and bourganveillia grow in profusion. Along the roadway to the Coolie Village, where there is quite a population, and toward the Blue Basin are the wonderful ceibas, or silk-cotton trees, with their marvelous trunks. There is also the calabash, with large green gourds; the bread-fruit and banana trees, the bunches of bananas growing up, which surprised me, for when seen in the fruit stores the banana is pendent.

Most beautiful of all, the bois immortelle, with its coppery red bunches of berries, like our bitter-sweet berry when ripe in the fall. With a background of immense palms of all varieties, and rubber plants or trees—for they attain a great height here—the effect is most ravishing. The cocoa-trees are easily burned by

the sun, and usually have banana or some other tree planted with them for shade.

The coolies are quite a different type and color from the negroes, being rather tall, with thin long legs and jet-black hair which does not kink, the skin a glossy, leathery brown. They wear almost no clothing, the children none at all and you have the impression of a decidedly undressed people, as you drive past their houses of one room, opening very widely on the street, the inhabitants squatting on their haunches, their knees in close proximity with their chins. In several instances we saw mothers washing babies in tin basins right on the street, having no regard or thought of modesty. A strange incongruity, in all this roughness, we discovered in a most beautiful and pure white flower similar to our Easter Lily, called Bell Flower.

The coolies wear a great deal of jewelry, mostly silver. A man's fortune is often put on his wife for safekeeping, in the shape of bangles, for her ankles more often than for the arms. Many had ear-rings and rings in their noses, and queer silver links put through the nose, making a button on each side of the nostril. All this seems so strange in an English-speaking country.

Donkeys are used for heavy burdens. We saw them carrying big panniers filled to overflowing, in one instance a darky girl in addition, astride the donkey's neck.

A leper hospital was pointed out to us and a young boy armless from the dread disease.

The climb to the Blue Basin was steep but well repaid us, with the beautiful picture of a clear pool and a lovely waterfall, surrounded by mountains of a wonderful growth of all the trees I have already mentioned and many others the names of which our driver could not tell us.

The return trip was made when it was growing dark, and we were glad to drive rapidly, as the appearance of the coolies is not reassuring, though the policing of the country roads as well as the town is excellent.

Our dinner at the Queen's Park Hotel overlooking the park was very good; beginning with caviar, delicious meat croquettes, turtle cutlets, a strange sherbet and white wine, but the beef was

poor. In the reading room we found a New York Sun dated February 15th.

Sir Alfred Maloney is now Governor of Trinidad. We learned, when it was too late, that Mr. Stokes had left a letter of introduction to Sir Alfred, who having known members of the James family, was expecting us.

SATURDAY, MARCH 1ST.—This morning we breakfasted at six o'clock in order to get an early start for a long drive before the heat of the day into the Santa Cruz valley, and to do a few errands by the way.

The shop keepers employ "runners," or men to run people into their particular shop to make purchases. Some of these men are paid seventy-five cents a day. Prices are given in dollars and cents, yet the payments are made in shillings and pence.

I wish I had a thesaurus of the English language, to replenish my inadequate stock of adjectives in describing the beauties of the drive we took to-day through the town into the country, meeting market-women carrying fruits and vegetables to town; sitting by the roadside in groups, they sell their produce of yams, guavas, red bananas, also small yellow bananas the size of one's finger called fig banana, mangoes, lemons, limes and oranges. Mrs. Loomis attempted one day to compute the number of bananas we consumed in a week, and so shocked were we that the figures were purposely forgotten.

We passed large plantations of cocoas, limes and bananas, besides bamboo groves. Arthur, Harriet and Louis, who have been in Japan and the Hawaiian Islands, say the bamboos of Trinidad are quite as fine as any they have seen. We saw cactus hedges, beautiful cardinal flowers of enormous size and dear little white starry flowers, scattered among the grass; the rhododendrons growing wild; on one tree were hanging clusters of purple flowers like our wistaria.

The view as we drove over the saddle of the mountain into the valley below will long be remembered. The beautiful blue sky, the luxuriant growth and color of the foliage of palms and banyans, and again the fine bois immortelle.

Our horses were possessed of great ambition and rushed up the hills at a good gait, but finally to strike an average speed, one of the horses became balky, and all were obliged to get out, while Arthur and the two drivers coaxed the unruly animals to go on. I find our captain quite as efficient on land as on the sea.

Gough had provided us with a light luncheon, knowing by this time our frequent desire for food; after our early breakfast it was particularly acceptable, and we were glad to sit down on a bridge by a pretty brook and refresh ourselves with sandwiches, crackers, fruit and cooling drinks of a mild or soft nature. The fine new water-works and reservoir of the town were shown, and the return drive was made in time for luncheon hour on the yacht.

In the afternoon Doctor and Mrs. Loomis and I went ashore. Mrs. L. and I went to see the Botanical Gardens and were greatly disappointed at not finding some attendant to tell us the names of the wonderful trees and plants. The Kentia Palm, with which we are familiar, grows here to an enormous height, the fronds twenty-five feet long; the cycas, or sword-palm, is also very large.

Dr. Loomis visited the Colonial Hospital, a fine building, with three hundred and fifty beds. The doctor in charge told him that a Coolie could live on five cents a day.

We dined at home—for so the yacht now seems—and spent a quiet evening and night.

SUNDAY, MARCH 2D.—After writing letters we go ashore in the launch to attend service at Trinity, the English cathedral. It is a large airy edifice of stucco and stone, with rather cheap stained-glass windows. The congregation was made up almost entirely of colored people of all shades, the women of the choir wearing white dresses and white mob-caps. The organist played well. We enjoyed the service, which was chanted, and for the first time I heard the prayers for the King and Queen. The heat is somewhat intense, the thermometer 89 degrees, and we are glad to spend the remainder of our time on the deck of the yacht.

Arthur and Louis go sailing in *Aloha Jr.*, but find it pretty hot, not much wind and consequently lacking in interest.

Our laundry has been returned; some of the women were allowed to come on board, much to our discomfort, as they brought live-stock with them. For days afterward we were subjected to the attentions of that native insect of such agile and athletic tendencies.

Late in the afternoon the American cruiser Buffalo comes into port, and we watch with interest the promptness with which the German war vessel sends her launch to pay her respects, the men of the Buffalo all lined up at the gangway to receive the call. The Germans rush back to their boat and almost as soon as they are on board, the Buffalo's launch with her commanding officer is returning the call. The Falke makes colors first, but we wait for our country's cruiser before making ours, and at six o'clock get up anchor and steam, and slowly glide out of the Gulf of Paria, through the Dragon's Mouth and again into the Caribbean Sea.

CHAPTER III

THE WINDWARD ISLANDS

MONDAY, MARCH 3D.—Making eighty-five miles during the night, at eight o'clock we arrive at St. George, Grenada, and signal for a pilot. As no one responds, we go in by ourselves, over a coral reef, constantly sounding for safety, the water measuring only three and a half fathoms in the channel. It is almost a land-locked harbor, only six hundred feet across the entrance, the town nestling on the hills at both sides.

The men go ashore to make arrangements for an afternoon drive, and on their return bring with them Mr. Dean, the Consul for the United States. Mr. Dean lunched with us and saw us off for the drive up among the mountains to the Grand Etang.

Such vehicles and horses as we had! It seemed a question how long either would hold together, but for awhile we forgot our equines in sheer enjoyment of seeing the queer little streets and strange people. When a little way out from town, we came upon the public laundry—the women with their flimsy calico dresses tucked up high above their knees, standing ankle-deep in the mountain streams, washing clothes, rubbing and pounding them on the stones in place of a scrubbing board.

The Grand Etang is a lake high up in the volcanic hills, surrounded by a dank and beautiful growth of palms, ferns, trees and vines. It was very warm; as the ascent became quite steep, our thoughts returned to our poor nags, and we lightened their burden occasionally by getting out and walking. A very pretty young girl passed us, carrying a small trunk on her head; she had already walked five miles and was on her way to the village to make her confessions and would stay for several days.

Just as we were on one of the steepest and hottest parts of the road, the shaft of one of the carriages broke. Alas, the driver

HARBOR, KINGSTON, ST. VINCENT

had absolutely nothing for such an emergency, and the only house near by was a poor shanty where even a piece of rope could not be obtained. For awhile it seemed as though we would have to walk back to the yacht without beholding the Grand Etang.

Nature and a darky were the mother—or rather father—of invention this time ; he, coming down the mountain and learning our plight, went to the side of the road, where he cut a piece from one of the long, ropy vines, which hang from the trees in lengths almost a hundred feet. Tearing off the outside bark and then the second layer, which made a strong, pliable strip, the man tied the shaft together so that we were enabled to continue our journey and reach our destination.

The lake itself was not so wonderful, but very prettily surrounded by mountains. Not far distant, we found a comfortable little house, where tea was served before starting out on the seven and a half miles of our return trip. Going down the mountain the scenery was beautiful and occasionally, at a turn in the road, we could catch glimpses of the hills below us, the town in the distance and the harbor and the sea beyond.

The yacht was reached without further accident, and we were soon under way, laying our course toward the Island of St. Vincent, passing the Grenadines, a chain of small islands lying very close to one another.

TUESDAY, MARCH 4TH.—After a quiet night under steam, we reach Kingston, St. Vincent. The harbor is somewhat similar to St. George's, with a fort and fortifications on the surrounding hills.

Coming into the harbor, a cannon from a very pretty yacht was fired in salute, which was answered by Aloha; and we soon found that the Sea Fox was there to welcome us with Mr. Anson Phelps Stokes on board, his daughter the Baroness Halkett and Mr. Graham Stokes. Arthur and Louis went over the first thing to call upon them.

The warehouses along the water front are built of stucco and have red tiled roofs, but they are the only buildings that look at all substantial.

The place of most interest, we were told, is the Botanical Garden, in which the Governor's house is situated.

After wandering around the streets for awhile, and finding it very warm, we went into the Wesleyan Church, to wait in the cool for a carriage. None seemed obtainable for money, but for love—or, rather, through the polite kindness of a woman, who offered her carriage and driver—we were taken to the Botanical Garden, where we found a remarkable colored man, who is the assistant gardener.

It was the greatest satisfaction to have such an intelligent guide, with some little darky boys to pick up interesting objects for us. The gardener wondered why the United States did not buy the Island of St. Vincent, and wished we might be in control. The island could be made very productive and valuable. England was too far away and did not take the interest necessary to make it a success.

In the gardens are grown all the native trees, plants, fruits and spices found on any and all of the islands of the West Indies. The most interesting was the Traveler's Tree, with its trunk of overlapping scales; when you cut into one of these scales, an abundance of cool water comes out to quench the thirst of the weary traveler.

Here we saw the coffee plant in blossom, having a heavy perfume like the orange; the cannon-ball tree, with the dark-brown and very heavy balls hanging from its branches. It is wonderful that the tree can stand such weight. Another odd tree was the toddy or wine palm, with a regular bead fringe in bunches hanging from it.

We were given specimens and samples of ginger root, black pepper, arrow-root, nutmeg, mustard seeds—in fact, all the spices. We found small, bright red beans on the ground; upon my showing interest in them, the little darky boys picked them up in handfuls for me. The beans come from a pod of the Circassian tree.

Our guide took us to a Carib hut; it had a thatched roof and was built by a race now almost extinct. There are only a few of them left on the Island of St. Vincent.

Carib Hut

The gardener and guide asked if we would not like to call upon the Governor and Lady Llewellyn. "They would be pleased to see you," etc., and upon expressing our willingness, we were taken up a most bewitching path, at the top of which the government house is located—Governor Llewellyn is Governor of Grenada, St. Lucia and St. Vincent, and divides his time among the three islands.

The house and grounds seemed most attractive; as we approached the steps, the secretary, Mr. Preston, came out to greet us and invite us into the drawing-room, where we were presented to Governor and Lady L. and one of their daughters.

After a pleasant visit, we drove to the dock, went aboard the Sea Fox and met Mr. Stokes, also his son and daughter. During our absence, Louis and his cousin, Graham Stokes, had taken a fine swim in spite of the thrilling stories about sharks.

The Governor and his family, with some friends, very soon returned our call and went all over Aloha, expressing very great interest. They were on their way to lunch with Mr. Stokes.

The trip on horseback to *Soufriere (the volcano which has been extinct for many years) is about the only interesting thing left to be seen. As it entails a long and tiresome journey of more than a day, we have decided to be satisfied with a view from the yacht as we sail to the north. So we soon get under way and steam out, while the Sea Fox has her white pennant flying, indicating that the owner and guests are still at luncheon.

Leaving Kingston at half-past two, we sail most of the afternoon along the beautiful coast of St. Vincent, and before long are opposite Wallabout and its little bay, almost at the foot of Soufriere, which rises up from the sea four thousand feet. Clouds are hanging over the crater, and as we pass by we take a picture which cannot in any way represent its height, taken so far away as the yacht is. St. Lucia and its Pitons are soon passed.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 15TH.—The night has been quiet and comfortable, and upon our coming on deck this morning, we can just

* It was only a few weeks after this that the terrible eruption of the Soufriere occurred, destroying the little town of Wallabout.

see the outlines of Martinique, which we passed during the night, and ahead of us to the northeast looms up the Island of Dominica, our next landing-place.

At Roseau, Dominica, the water near the shore was one hundred and fifty fathoms, making it impossible to anchor. We tied up to a buoy, but this was not for long, as a mail steamer came in with a right to that particular buoy, and obliged us to leave and sound for some place in which to anchor. This was accomplished in nine fathoms of water.

On a previous trip to Dominica some had made the acquaintance of "Cock-Roach," who seems to be the major-domo of the place; I do not remember just how he received that very obnoxious, though funny appellation. Perhaps I ought to explain that Cock-Roach is a colored man, a native of the place, and has for a real name the very ordinary one of Henry Williams.

As soon as we had anchored, Cock-Roach was on hand to make engagements for us and arrange a trip to a sulphur lake up among the mountains, which are five thousand feet high. This trip of six miles has to be made on horseback.

On going ashore, Cock-Roach takes us directly to his house, where our mounts await us; it pleases me immensely to use for very absurdness that very formal word "mounts." Fortunately three side-saddles were found, but they were on mere frames of horses—and small horses at that. My horse was so small I felt guilty in putting my weight upon him. How he did repay me for my thought of him! Such a variety of gaits he introduced that, before the day was over, I came to the conclusion that Aloha did not after all provide one with all the motions there are to be had!

Our party of six, with Robert the guide, a boy for each lady's horse and to carry wraps, and a swarm of other small attendants, made, indeed, a cavalcade.

Before we had gone very far, it was so warm we were obliged to put up our parasols; gradually our useless little pages dropped off, finding we were going some distance.

The trip was beautiful, up steep hills, over narrow little paths, where we were glad of the boys to guide our horses, for in some

places it was only wide enough to go Indian file, and that along the side of the mountain where there had been landslides.

Large lime and cocoa plantations are passed; also a lime factory, for extracting the juice of the fruit.

The scenery is magnificent, and the tree fern found here is enormous. Our guide, instead of taking us to the sulphur lake, had branched off and was making for a sulphur spring not so far away.

Before reaching the spring, we were told to dismount and leave our horses, as the rest of the way must be made on foot, but not on our own feet, as it turned out. A deep brook had to be crossed, and it was here that the real usefulness of our boy-guides was seen and realized. They had been barelegged from the start, and all that was needed now was an extra rolling up of the trousers, and they were ready to take the men on their backs and ferry them across.

When it came to the ladies, it was very embarrassing. Two darky boys made "ladies' chairs" by crossing their hands and grasping the wrists, and on these chairs we were obliged to sit, an arm around each boy's neck. My chair was of a decidedly reclining nature, so tilted back that I was mighty uncomfortable, and then, too, to find that Arthur was trying to take a picture! Fortunate it was for me that the light was poor.

The whole affair reminded me of the lines—

> "*I came to a river and couldn't get across,*
> *I jumped on a nigger and thought it was a horse.*"

The sulphur springs are bubbling up everywhere, making the water boil in the brooks, coloring the earth all shades of green and yellow, specimens of which we take back on our boots to the yacht. No wonder that ferns, trees and plants thrive so luxuriantly, for they are grown in a constant hot-house, the soil heated over boiling caldrons of fire of a volcanic nature, ready to burst forth at any time.

One spot we were not allowed to go near, as only a short time before a man slipped on the earth, was drawn into the seething mass and was not rescued.

We had brought a luncheon from the yacht, and under the shade of a mango-tree sat and enjoyed the cold chicken, bread and butter, with fruit and ginger ale, while our guides and retinue of small boys amused us with their antics and songs, being rewarded with at least one good meal in their lives.

The way down the mountain was made leisurely, and we stopped to call at the house of Mr. Frampton, the consul. Mrs. Frampton was very polite and hospitable, making for us a cooling drink of sparklets and lime juice. In their garden and at other places we saw the cocoa-bean being dried in the sun, before it is ready to grind.

Coming back into town and through the Public Gardens, we were much annoyed at the increase in the number of our following; and when we were ready to put off in the launch, we were fairly besieged. Ten of them, to be sure, had walked all the distance of six miles with us, but six of that number had done actually nothing for us except to eat our good food, and yet all wanted to be paid!

Mr. Frampton came on board and had a cup of tea before we set sail en route for Santa Cruz or Puerto Rico, as wind and time allow. During the evening Guadeloupe is passed.

THURSDAY, MAR. 6TH.—This morning all sails are set and we are sitting on deck in the hot sun. As we pass we look with great interest at the island of Nevis, where Alexander Hamilton was born and where Nelson was married. Then comes St. Kitts, or St. Christopher, St. Eustatius and Saba, these islands not lying far apart.

After sight-seeing on land one day, it is a great treat and rest to have the next day at sea, in which to just do nothing but loll and play our games, and to-day we have discovered the pretty silk bean-bags furnished by Miss Sullivan.

I have reached such a state of comfort and ease at sea on this dear comfortable yacht, that, were my family ties not so strong, I should not hesitate to continue sailing around the world.

CHAPTER IV

SANTA CRUZ

FRIDAY, MAR. 7TH.—On awakening we were beating in under full sail in a ripping breeze toward the sugar-cane covered slopeing shores of Santa Cruz and the little town of Frederikstad.

So much had been said in the papers before we left home about the purchase of St. Thomas, St. John and Santa Cruz, or Saint Croix (the Danish West Indian Islands), by the United States, which was to be consummated within a short time, that when we approached Frederikstad and discovered an American flag flying from a high flag-pole, we, of course, supposed we owned the island and would be met by United States officials offering all kinds of civilities to the first visitors from the States.

Instead, a Danish harbor-master and a very polite customs officer met and piloted us to the club, where American papers helped pass the time while waiting for carriages to take us to Christianstad, a drive across the island of sixteen miles.

A little distance from the town we break down, or rather one of our vehicles gives way, and we, turning into Mr. Fleming's plantation, are kindly received, while the men are shown through the model sugar factory. Mr. Fleming is the owner of a large sugar-cane plantation, also the possessor of a wheel and a pole, which he is good enough to loan, that we may continue our drive. Sugar plantations are on all sides, and the condition of the country and the people seems more prosperous than on the other small islands.

The drive through the Avenue of Palms, which is quite famous—and well it may be—was fine, though many of the beautiful trees, blown over in one of the hurricanes, have been replaced by young trees.

At Christianstad we find a very pretty little harbor and ancient-looking buildings, quite Spanish in style. The old palace looked interesting.

Profiting by the suggestion in Miss Day's book, Mrs. Pentheny had been advised by telephone that our party of six would like to be served with a luncheon upon our arrival at her house in Christianstad. Mrs. Pentheny is quite a character and most interesting, a very gracious hostess, receiving us in a drawing-room of good size, furnished with old mahogany pieces and old-time mirrors. Here is served a cooling beverage made up mainly of Santa Cruz rum, and suggests a very large and aching head. It is a sort of cocktail or, as I should call it, a "cocked head," coming *before* a meal, as it does, and not at the tail end of a dinner.

We are invited to the dining-room, which adjoins the drawing-room, and at the luncheon table Mrs. Pentheny presides with great dignity, supplying us with all kinds of delicacies peculiar to the place, but in quite a different order of service from that which we expect. I wonder if Louis will ever forget the lobster salad made by Miss ———, who was all attention to him, and insisted upon our taking the salad as a first course? I think we had soup and some kind of meat, with vegetables, besides guava jelly, guava preserves, tamarinds, limes, kippered herring and no end of other dishes. The napkins, with beautifully embroidered monograms, impressed me, and the whole meal gave one the impression of being an honored guest, until, upon leaving, everything which had been served was paid for.

Mrs. Pentheny and her house are a most pleasurable memory; I would advise yachtsmen and travelers to call upon her.

The return trip was dusty and very warm, and we were glad to get back to Aloha just as a heavy rain came upon us. At six o'clock we sailed out in a fine breeze, going through the Virgin Passage, which required careful navigation.

CHAPTER V

PUERTO RICO

SATURDAY, MARCH 8TH.—A rough night along the Puerto Rican coast, and Louis reports that he was thrown out of his bed.

Passing Morro Castle we anchor in the harbor of San Juan and at half-past seven are visited, first, by the doctor, then by Ensign Smith from the training-ship Monongahela, his boat manned by sailor-boys in white duck suits, white caps and shoes. Mr. Smith brings Commander Rees' compliments and can he "be of any service" to us? Mr. Rockwood, an interpreter, is engaged, and, when we land, is on hand to take us to the bank for letters and to drive about the town. San Juan de Puerto Rico, as Governor Hunt wishes to have it called, is the most citified and active place we have so far visited. It seems very odd to find the American flag flying everywhere and yet hear almost nothing but the Spanish language.

Our letters of introduction we presented at the palace, and as Governor Hunt was at home, he received us immediately, being presented by his secretary, Mr. Bliss. Mrs. Hunt we also met, and were invited to an afternoon function to be given at the Summer Palace, Mrs. Admiral Higginson being the hostess.

The palace of the governor in town is most fascinating, the first, or ground, floor being used for guards and sentries on duty. A large winding staircase takes one to the governor's apartments, the drawing-room, living and dining-rooms, all spacious and airy, with balconies at the windows, and from one side of the house there is a fine view of the ocean and the rocky shore, with Morro and Castle Blanco.

The buildings are all of stucco, many tinted pink and blue. Fort San Christobal is located on a hill overlooking a rocky precipice, where the ocean breaks in white foamy caps. We are taken through some of the dungeons and find the old Spanish chapel of the fort used as a barber shop for the soldiers!

While driving, a heavy rain overtakes us and thoroughly washes the streets. There is a great scurrying of pedestrians, ourselves included, to gain shelter in the shops and doorways.

After luncheon on the yacht, we take the trolley (one of the improvements since the American occupation) to Rio Piedras, where the Summer Palace is located, and where Mrs. Higginson is giving a reception and garden party, the rain, however, making it an indoor affair. Army and navy men, with their wives and sisters, are everywhere.

A very warm welcome is given us, and we find Governor Hunt charming; Commanders Rees and McCrea prove themselves most agreeable, and, later on, very hospitable hosts on their respective ships.

SUNDAY, MARCH 9TH.—At ten o'clock we visited the Monongahela for inspection drill and church. The service was most impressive; two hundred and fifty young boys who are being trained for the navy were in sailor suits of white, singing most enthusiastically and listening attentively to the Chaplain as he read and gave a short sermon.

Governor and Mrs. Hunt, Mrs. Admiral Higginson, Captains McCrea and Rees and Mr. Bliss returned for luncheon. Learning of Captain Rees's rhyming tendencies, we rather twitted him upon the fact that our party had not been favored, when out from his pocket he drew a paper with some typewritten verses for the occasion, which caused much merriment and showed that we had been in his poetical mind at least within the last twenty-four hours.

ALOHA.

In millions of miles no seaman can know a
More regal-like yacht than the queenly Aloha!
A dream of perfection, in beauty abounding,
As swiftly she glides o'er the waters resounding.

A joy and a glory, not only in form,
As gladly she leads in the calm and the storm;
She's laden with loveliness, smiling and fair
As the buds and the blossoms that gladden the air!

The brightest of pictures e'er clustered in frames,
A rose 'mid carnations is rare Mrs. James!
And one who a joy in this exquisite room is
Responds as we drink to her health:—Mrs. Loomis!

A man who thro' terrors would gallantly wade
Commands our attention: Here's how—Mr. Slade!
But greater the power that beauty can wield:
'Tis held by a princess of love:—Miss Chatfield.

So, health, Dr. Loomis,—the damsel and dames—
Salute to the Captain and fair Mrs. James;
In all of their lives may never there blow a
Cross wind for these gods of the Flagship Aloha!

E. P. REES,
Commander, U. S. Navy.

U. S. S. MONONGAHELA,
San Juan, P. R.,
March 9, 1902.

* * * *

Governor and Mrs. Hunt, Mrs. Higginson and quite a party were that afternoon sailing for a trip of inspection around the island, making Ponce their objective point. It was fortunate we happened to be at San Juan, before they left. We were all much impressed with Governor Hunt's dignified manner, seriousness of thought, and ability to fill the position he occupies.

After our luncheon guests had gone, our party went aboard the gunboat Machias, to call upon Captain McCrea, where we met many of the ship's officers and were entertained in a most hospitable and nautical style. I find that in navy and yachting circles one's civilities are returned almost immediately, and it is perhaps fortunate; for when one has only two or three days in a place, it is advisable to see and accomplish as much as possible.

Among our afternoon callers were Captain and Mrs. Stirling (the former in command of the naval department at San Juan),

representatives of the army and people whom we had the day before met at the garden party. While gathered on the yacht's deck, the steamer with the Governor's party weighed anchor and sailed out, amid cheers and good-byes.

After dinner the time was occupied by going ashore to the Plaza and witnessing, from a balcony of one of the cafés, a real Sunday open-air concert. The band—a native one—played many of our popular airs, while the young people paraded up and down in the big square, as light-hearted and gay as though they had always lived under the government and protection of the Stars and Stripes.

MONDAY, MAR. 10TH.—An early start is made, and at 6.30 a.m. we steam out past the Machias and Monongahela, dipping colors in good-bye signals, which are answered quickly.

Captain McCrea has recently come from Colon, where he successfully quieted some disturbance among the people in a tactful and diplomatic manner, and for his services was presented with a fine flag. He brought the Machias through the Windward Passage along the northern coast of San Domingo and Haiti, and finding it very rough, advised our taking the Mona Passage to the south of the island on our way to Santiago de Cuba.

Along the northern coast of Puerto Rico the sea is rough and choppy, the wind fresh. All sails set and some people feeling once again like landlubbers, Arthur decides to take the advice of Captain McCrea and go through Mona Passage, hoping for a quieter sea.

All day long we are skirting the western coast of Puerto Rico, and late in the afternoon sight the Hildegarde, which left San Juan after we did. In the evening we exchange signals of colored lights; so pretty and comforting on the dark quiet expanse of ocean. These lights, however, were our last communications with human beings for some days.

TUESDAY, MAR. 11TH.—What an aggravation to find this morning that we had gone only ninety miles on our course of six hundred and thirty to Santiago, and are off the coast of Mona Island,

where near the beach lies the wreck of a three-masted schooner. None of the party feels quite up to the mark. Even Captain Arthur is "headachy" and wonders what it is.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 12TH.—We made good time during the night, covering two hundred and ten miles in twenty-four hours, and at ten-fifteen sight the most southerly point of San Domingo and the high island of Alta Vela. Humming along in a strong Trade Wind, it is delightful sailing under a temporarily rigged awning to protect us from the hot sun, while we read aloud and play games. In the afternoon the ladies get enthusiastic about exercising and try all kinds of gymnastics. A fine young moon comes out at eve.

THURSDAY, MAR. 13TH.—We are off the southwestern coast of Haiti and can see plainly the high, precipitous mountains, Mornes de La Hotte, rising seven thousand feet. It is so hot and so calm that Arthur orders the dingy launched, and with Louis goes out rowing on the Caribbean Sea—think of it! The boat was made ready and lowered in fifty seconds—a test of quickness, should necessity require it.

Sharks are reported astern and a line is thrown out; when there is a strong bite, and the line is hauled in, we find, to the chagrin of all, that it is only a dogfish, and he is quickly thrown overboard.

Our desire for wind has not been gratified and Captain James orders steam. What a relief to have a steam button to press! At luncheon time we are under way headed for Santiago de Cuba, the mountains of La Hotte vanishing astern. In the evening we are enjoying the moon on deck.

CHAPTER VI

CUBA

FRIDAY, MARCH 14TH.—At 6.30 a. m. we are called to see the coast of Cuba, and are surprised to find it so rugged and mountainous, with heavy surf dashing on the rocks. In a measure we can realize how difficult it was for the landing of our troops at Daiquiri near Siboney during the Spanish War. Guantanimo is too far to the west for even a glimpse.

At about ten we are approaching the channel leading up to the harbor of Santiago, with the picturesque Morro at our right on the high cliffs, and can almost imagine ourselves on board some one of the battleships, wondering if Cervera and his fleet are in the harbor. Well might our men have wondered and doubted, for there is no suspicion of a harbor, or a town even, lying anywhere near; so far back of the hills and up the circuitous channel is Santiago.

From the yacht we can see marks of shot and shell on Morro's walls and, best of all, the flag of the United States flying in quiet possession, but only for a few months more will our occupation last. Already plans are being made to turn the government over to Cuba.

On either side of the entrance to the narrow channel are high hills, which were fortified during the Spanish War. The interest and excitement must have been intense for the men in the forts, as they watched the daring and courageous feat of Hobson and his men as the Merrimac was sunk, followed by Hobson's capture. I am sorry to say there are many of our countrymen who make light of the accomplishments of our army and navy, but when you have actually been on the sea and the ground and realize what risks were taken, resulting in such wonderful achievements, I cannot but feel that we do not pay our heroes sufficient honor and glory. Some have already passed away, their last hours saddened by contentions and controversies.

Tropical Avenue

For six miles we steam slowly up the channel, and anchoring at last not far from the dock, where we can see many houses built of stucco in blue, red and pink; also the old Spanish cathedral, with its dome and two towers. Then comes the usual visit from harbor officials before we can land.

Carriages are to be had when we go ashore, to carry us up the steep streets, which are now well paved and clean, owing to General Wood's good work. At the palace, where General Whitside's official quarters are, we present our letters of introduction, also those to Captain Rockenback, whose offices are in the old arsenal building; by going up queer old stairs, we come out upon an open space like a roof garden, which overlooks the city and is at present garrisoned. Here is the Dead Line connected with the Virginius episode.

General Whitside arranged to take us to San Juan Hill in the afternoon; so, returning to the yacht for luncheon, we make ready for the interesting trip.

At four o'clock at the dock we find a stunning army ambulance, or dougherty, as it is sometimes called, drawn by four of the finest mules, with heavy army harnesses trimmed with shining brass. Altogether it is a very smart-looking turnout, and I am delighted to have the front seat with the driver, which gives me the feeling that I am occupying the box seat of a coach with a fine four-in-hand. Dr. and Mrs. Loomis and Louis ride in this trap, while Captain Arthur and Mistress Captain drive with General Whitside in his own carriage.

Up the narrow, steep streets we go to the Plaza, with the old cathedral at one end of the square, while at the opposite end is the palace, and on the third side the Venus Café, made famous by Richard Harding Davis in his "Soldiers of Fortune;" in fact, most of the story is laid in and around Santiago.

In the less populated districts the houses are very poor; children are in swarms, the smaller ones wearing absolutely no clothing, playing in the roadway. The barracks, where the Spanish troops were quartered, are passed, and we finally reach the big tree under which the truce between the Americans and Spaniards was signed. The tree has been fenced in and a bronze tablet placed upon it,

with the idea of making the locality a park, including San Juan Hill.

The old block house on San Juan Hill has been replaced by a monument commemorating the brave men who lost their lives in the attack. The trenches, running in every direction, still remain, and with the dense thicket of bush in addition to the barbed-wire fence, it seems strange that with any kind of a force the Spaniards could not hold the hill, for it was almost impregnable; and a wonder it is that our men, in the face of such impediments, could have scaled the height, with the sharpshooters firing at them as they ascended.

General Whitside explained to us the location of the various regiments, which made the hill most interesting, but as I am not writing a history of the Spanish War, I will return with our party to the yacht to prepare for a dinner.

Twelve sat down, including General Whitside, with Captain and Mrs. Rockenback. It was after dinner that Mrs. Loomis made one of her amusing land breaks by saying: "Let 's go up on the back piazza!"

SATURDAY, MARCH 15TH.—How swiftly the days glide by, and yet each day so much is seen and accomplished! At eight o'clock Captain and Mrs. Rockenback take us in an army ambulance to the railroad station, where a *cigueña* (the queerest kind of little engine, with seats for observation, placed where our cowcatcher would be) awaits us, and off we start at a not very rapid speed. After traveling for ten miles through the country, amid palms and tropical plants, we change to carriages, to see the military road built over the mountain by General Wood, and now in charge of Captain Rockenback, an engineer in the army. It is very steep, yet well made, built of macadam, with a low wall at the edge as a guard-rail, and from various points as we ascended a beautiful view of Santiago, the surrounding country and the sea in the distance was revealed. The building of the road has given labor to many Cubans, and is intended to facilitate communication with the interior; in some places it has cost forty thousand dollars a mile.

At noon we return to town, and a real Cuban luncheon is given us at the Café Venus. General Whitside, our host, in true Spanish style and hospitality, presents each lady with a fan and each gentleman with a box of cigars.

On our way to the boat landing we saw hanging in some of the shops "monkeys," or water coolers, of cream color, the spout made like a chicken's head with the red comb, and hereby hangs a tale, which will come later. We wanted to stop then and there to buy them, but Arthur said: "No, there is not time; we will get them somewhere else." My advice is, never put off or wait when you see, in traveling, things that you want. "No time like the present!"

General Whitside had his large steam launch ready to take us down the harbor to Morro Castle, where we were shown over the fort by Major Sprole; went into the room where Hobson was confined, and by standing on a wooden box I could see through the casement window down to the Socarpo Battery and the place where the Merrimac was sunk. How tantalizing to have been penned up, when so much was going on outside in which Hobson could not take part!

After being delightfully entertained by these kind friends we said good-bye and boarded the yacht under the brow of Morro Castle. Our course being to the west, it was not long before we passed the wreck of the Uquendo; later on the Viscaya, and by the time the Colon was reached it was too dark for us to discern it. A pathetic sight, these immense ships, once so closely packed with human beings and active with war, now going to pieces, pounded and buffeted by the sea, just where they were beached!

SUNDAY, MARCH 16TH.—It was so warm this morning that we had service on deck, Captain James, as usual, reading from the Episcopal Prayer-book. Our singing had to be without piano accompaniment. In the afternoon the awning is up, and, with rugs and cushions, we get right down on the deck, rest, loll and read aloud. Harriet and I have been reading "The Life and Letters of Gail Hamilton," and find them interesting. In the

afternoon an effort is made to exercise, but we cannot do much for the heat.

MONDAY, MARCH 17TH.—A fine, calm, quiet night it was for sleeping, and now, with light winds, Arthur is impatient and orders steam. Before long the engineer reports that there is so much dirt in the coal, that there will not be enough to last until we reach Havana; so we must put in at Cienfuegos, and can see where Admiral Schley lingered, after receiving orders to move on to Santiago. At evening we play six-handed euchre, the men beating the ladies, much to the satisfaction of the former and the mortification of the latter.

TUESDAY, MARCH 18TH.—At daylight we have our first glimpse of Cienfuegos, and by six o'clock have taken on a pilot for the first time, having no chart of the harbor. For five miles we steam through the channel, while from my port-hole I can see the barracks on shore and our American soldiers.

Anchor is cast quite near the town, which seems to be of fair size. Two yachts are lying near us, the Katomba and Nydia, the warship Yankton and various steamers, one from Norway with cattle.

For the first time in many weeks we have a cool breeze, making it pleasant for going ashore after breakfast.

Mr. Passe, the harbor-master, who is a graduate of Oxford and a very intelligent Cuban, gives us much interesting and valuable information regarding the condition of affairs at present and before the war. He said the government under the Spanish had been very corrupt; he felt that it was too soon to allow the Cubans to take the reins, as they were untried, and predicted that the United States troops would have to come back in two years.

In driving, my first thought and request was that those "monkeys" with chicken heads, which we had seen in Santiago, might be looked for, and our driver took us to one of the markets, then another and another, but nothing like our water coolers was brought to light. Finally, after quite a drive to the outskirts of the town, we were landed at a market, where the driver went in

to make inquiries. When he came back it was with a beaming face, asking us to go inside. He led us to a big cage occupied by a very much alive monkey, but it didn't have a chicken's head, nor was it a water cooler! We were, to say the least, disappointed, but, at the same time, could not help being convulsed at the mistake.

Driving to the beautiful gardens of Mr. Cabado, a Cuban gentleman, who has all kinds of fruit-trees and plants, we find a most interesting place, and Mr. Cabado and his wife very courteous.

When we return to the yacht everything on deck, though covered with canvas, is literally black; they are taking on coal—soft coal at that—which is pretty likely to make us uncomfortable with the black smoke and soot.

Steaming out of the harbor and passing the barracks, we can see the soldiers drilling and doing some kind of gymnastic exercise, while the officers on one of the piazzas bring their spy-glasses to bear upon us.

The Second U. S. Cavalry is at present stationed here.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 19TH.—The thermometer registers only 77, which is much cooler than we have experienced in many weeks. The deck has been marked for shuffle-board, and we play for the first time, with great pleasure; it is good exercise, balancing with the rolling of the boat, and, after tiring the right hand, we try the left, gaining so much skill that we consider ourselves almost ambidextrous.

Good time has been made under steam and sail, but in the afternoon the wind dies down and the sea becomes calm. Sail is taken in, and we are almost smothered in cinders and smoke, as it rolls out in angry black columns from the funnel. The Island of Pines has been visible, also two schooners, and at eleven p. m. the light at Western Point is sighted.

THURSDAY, MARCH 20TH.—Passed this morning the Yucatan Channel and are now in the Gulf of Mexico, also the Gulf Stream, and are headed northeast for Havana. During the morning the sea was very choppy, and Mrs. Loomis and Harriet

felt it for awhile, but in the afternoon all were able to play shuffle-board.

As Mrs. Loomis and I had not visited the engine-room, and our voyage was drawing to a close, this afternoon was considered a favorable time; so we went below. The chief and Mr. Clifford, assistant engineer, were very kind in showing the furnace, the engine for running the dynamo and for distilling water. Although the conditions were unusually comfortable, we were glad to get back on deck into the cool air.

FRIDAY, MARCH 21ST.—We awake to find ourselves off the northern coast of Cuba, nearing Havana. About noon we came into the harbor under steam, and signaled to Morro Castle as we passed beneath it.

The Morro here is more extensive, but not situated on so high a promontory as that at Santiago, and consequently not so imposing. The harbor is most active, and along the shore are many warehouses, lighters and a ferry-boat of rather dilapidated appearance. The wreck of the Maine looks just as it does in the pictures, a heap of iron for the junk shop, only the turret recognizable as it sticks up out of the water.

We get our cable and letters ready to send off, receiving a large mail ourselves, also a most satisfactory cable in answer to ours, making it possible for Arthur to remain with us, he having expected to take steamer from Havana to Florida and home by rail.

We find anchored not far from us the yachts Katomba, Virginian and the government dispatch-boat Dolphin.

After luncheon and an interview with the harbor people, we go ashore and have funny times with our lack of a Spanish tongue, but manage to get two carriages and are driven to the palace, where we leave our letters of introduction for Mrs. Wood and Miss Alice Roosevelt, General Wood being in Washington.

Arthur, Harriet and Louis see many changes and improvements in the city since they were here before. I saw the letter-boxes just like our own, and found that with one of our two-cent stamps a letter would go to the United States.

We drove through Obispo and O'Reilly streets, the two business thoroughfares, then around the Prado to the water front, which has been and is being greatly improved, making a sort of parkway and place for music, ending our drive at the Hotel Telegrafo, a comparatively new restaurant and hotel next to the well-known Angleterra. A fine dinner is served, and at the table next to ours were Mr. and Mrs. Bayard Henry of Philadelphia, with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Smith, and Mr. Cortez, head of customs in Havana.

SATURDAY, MAR. 22D.—Knowing that the people of these warm countries are early risers and that during midday and afternoon are "not at home" to visitors, but are indulging in quiet siestas, our breakfast was ordered for half-past seven in order that we ladies might call and present a letter of introduction which I had to Madame Camera, who is a descendant of the old Spanish family of O'Reilly.

The first O'Reilly who came over from Spain was sent by the king as governor of Cuba, and for some unusual service to the king the governor was to receive a bounty on every head of cattle killed in the island. This bounty had been paid to the family until the war with the United States, since when Madame Camera has been cut off from this large income and has little to support her numerous Spanish titles. It was Governor O'Reilly who built the palace which is now occupied by General Wood and his family.

To go back to our early call: We were received by an English governess who brought Madame Camera's regrets—that she could not see us then; in fact she had just risen and would we not call at evening and bring the gentlemen of the party. It was disappointing, as we had hoped to obtain some information about shops and bargain places for old laces and fans. Not seeing her we went to La Carranza, the large dealer, where they speak English and ask big prices. Harriet and Mrs. Loomis bought several fans and a quantity of pina-cloth.

At eleven o'clock we were back on the yacht to receive Mr. and Mrs. Henry, Mr. and Mrs. Smith and Mr. Cortez, who came to breakfast, or rather lunch, with us. It was a jolly occasion.

In the cool of the afternoon we drove out to the Columbia Barracks, seven miles southwest of Havana, where Colonel Baldwin is in charge. He is the father of Mrs. Rockenback, whom we met in Santiago; Colonel Baldwin and his son were both in the attack upon San Juan Hill.

Mrs. Baldwin urged us to go out again at evening, to the ball the officers were to give, but time was too precious to make the trip again, and by the time we had reached the city the streets were lighted and looked very gay; the little iron balconies at the windows in shadow, and quite mysterious, reminded one of pictures on the Spanish fans of pretty faces with lace mantillas, and gay matadors in bright costumes, but all we saw of that picturesque life was the balcony. The lace mantilla is hardly worn now, not even in church, so Americanized have the Cubans become.

To know more of the restaurants we dined at a queer little place not far from the Custom House landing, called Café de Paris.

SUNDAY, MAR. 23D.—At 10.30 a. m. we go ashore and try to find a Presbyterian church, but end at the American Episcopal chapel in time for the sermon and are ushered to the front seats. It is very hot, and all the windows are open; framed therein are heads of colored boys and men, who probably did not understand a word that was said.

After the service, we visited the old cathedral where the bones of Columbus are supposed to be buried, but within the last few years were removed to Spain. For the second time we called upon Madame Camera and were rewarded by seeing her and being charmed by her appearance and manner. She is a young woman, speaks English well and comes to New York frequently, bringing her children and servants.

Louis left us to go to the palace where he had been invited to lunch and attend a game of *jai alai*, over which Havana has gone wild. It is played in an immense hall, and is, I should think, similar to our court tennis, and requires great skill. We have heard that a great deal of betting and gambling goes on.

It being Sunday, Louis did not go to the game, rejoining us on the yacht where Colonel and Mrs. Baldwin were lunching with

us. Mrs. Baldwin had been in Havana early enough to pick up many valuable pieces of silver, lace and fans at reasonable prices, which made us envious.

At five-thirty we go to the palace for tea to meet Mrs. Wood and Miss Alice Roosevelt, both of whom are very cordial. Miss Roosevelt had been in Havana since the launching of Emperor William's yacht, and wore the bracelet with his minature, surrounded by diamonds, brought over by Prince Henry. Mrs. Wood showed us the little private chapel in the palace, with its altar and furniture just as it had been when the Spanish were in power.

Mrs. Baldwin told us of the possibility of finding some Spanish lace owned by Madame Cardenas, and we made up our minds to see her before leaving Havana.

MONDAY, MAR. 24TH.—Through the iron gateway, into a court and up winding, marble stairs, to a drawing-room overlooking the street, we American women make our way, and from the balcony look down upon American men seated in carriages quite different though suggestive of "In Old Madrid."

> "*There on a casement ledge, when day was o'er,*
> *A tiny hand was lightly laid;*
> *A face looked out, as from the river shore*
> *There stole a tender serenade!*"

Madame Cardenas speaks English, has a keen sense of humor and keeps us merry with her sallies of wit when we question her as to things she may have, which we want. It is some time before she brings out white and black laces, shawls and flounces. I urge her to find an old fan for me, which she laughingly declares she has not, but finally produces from an inner room a queer old rose-colored velvet box, embossed with gilt figures, which she hands to me; when I raise the cover I am fairly bewitched with the fan it contains! Pearl sticks, beautifully carved and inlaid with gold, the top scenes of Spanish court life painted in the softest colors. My mind is made up to buy it at

the price she asks. I try to beat her down, without success. When Mrs. Loomis and Harriet have bought enough lace and we are taking our leave, Madame Cardenas follows us to the stairs, and her parting words to me are: "Good-bye, Miss Fan!"

Sailing away, we wave good-bye to the yacht Kanawha. Mr. Rogers the owner, is on board, and with him are Mark Twain, Lawrence Hutton and Dr. Rice. We can see them sitting on deck, Mark Train quite prominent with his large head of white hair.

CHAPTER VII

NASSAU AND HOME

With steam and sail, in addition to a three- or four-mile current, we fly along the coast of Florida; seeing two wrecks, one of which is being pumped out by a wrecking tug. After having been so much farther south, it seems as if we were almost home.

The air is much cooler and invigorating, our games of shuffle-board and exercise being undertaken with greater vim.

Some very careful navigating has been necessary to-day, and now we are safely across the Bahama reefs, which are hundreds of miles in extent.

TUESDAY, MARCH 25TH.—Everything is beautiful and serene, wind, wave and weather combining. We are passing light-houses and vessels, and all the morning the lowlands of the Bahamas have been in sight. At noon we have covered the three hundred and eighty-five miles from Havana in forty-three hours, Aloha's best run under steam, aided by the Gulf Stream and at times by sails.

A little after three we drop anchor outside the reef, or bar, of Nassau, the tide being low. It seems quite a little trip in the launch to the landing-steps, which lead to the Colonial Hotel, one of Mr. Flagler's immense caravansaries, prettily located in a tropical garden, and accommodating six hundred people.

Nassau is on the Island of New Providence, which is twenty-four miles long and six miles wide, of a coral formation, abounding in tropical plants and fruits. At the hotel we find carriages and take a beautiful drive through the town and along the shore on a good road to East-town, returning in time for dinner and to see acquaintances.

It has been very cool. Only one hundred and fifty people in this big house, and all the accommodations on the boat running

between Nassau and Miami have been engaged for days ahead, so that our plan for going across that way and stopping over at Palm Beach is abandoned. We are to stay by the yacht as long as possible.

At high tide Aloha came across the bar and anchored very near the hotel landing, making it convenient for us.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 26TH.—Taking the launch, with a glass-bottomed boat in tow, and a guide, we went three miles to the Sea Garden, where we are slowly rowed about. Looking through the glass into the clearest water, fifteen feet deep, we can see the most wonderful formations of white coral, feathery plumes of pinkish brown, yellow lace-like ferns, waving to and fro; spongy substances, with fish of peacock hues, yellow and black-striped, blue and pale gray, swimming and gliding among the beautiful growth and seeming within a foot of us. Wonderful creations of God in this Sea Garden!

It is fascinating to watch the moving of these many-colored fish in this fairyland, but we are obliged to get back to real land for a short time before Aloha sails, and, while waiting at the dock for Dr. and Mrs. Loomis to shop, Harriet and I are accosted by several little darkies, who want to give us a "shine." Not having the proper shoes to take a "shine," the boys are determined to "shine" in some way, and a song is offered. With a nasal drawl—

> "*Good morning, Carrie!*
> *How do you do this morning?*"

was rendered, much to our amusement.

So long were we in gathering our party that the tide was almost missed in going across the bar; as it was, the yacht's keel did scrape a little.

Getting out into the current again, with a strong wind blowing from the northeast, there is considerable motion as an accompaniment to our games of the afternoon.

THURSDAY, MARCH 27TH.—A dull, cloudy day, with wind and waves pretty boisterous, making all the party uncomfortable.

We try to be cheerful and bright, playing whist, but when the doctor goes to the rail I make a dash for my cabin, returning soon, however, with a smiling face and ready for my luncheon. Arthur says: "We haven't been a bit sociable this trip;" that usually his "guests go to the rail in couples!"

We are in the strongest part of the current, and have made during the last twenty-four hours, two hundred and thirty miles, and are rather planning to run into Savannah.

FRIDAY, MARCH 28TH.—Once more we are out of the Gulf Stream and its onward-propelling assistance. With a southeast wind and lowering skies, are making good time and our party feeling better. Up to to-day, Louis says, we have gone five thousand miles since leaving home.

It has been impossible to get any observations, and at two o'clock, sighting a steamer, the Birmingham, we spoke her, asking the bearings and distance from Savannah, which was forty miles, making it nearer for us to go to Charleston, see the Fair, and do the remainder of the journey home by rail.

At five-thirty we make the light on Morris Island, and soon after the light-ship at the entrance of Charleston harbor, signaling a pilot, who pays no attention to us, and we have to put out to sea for safety and wait for the morning.

SATURDAY, MAR. 29TH.—During last night a great storm sprang up, with high seas, and because of the shallow water we went out fifty miles from the light-ship, shipping heavy seas and making everything lively. Suddenly about midnight a terrific sea came aboard, soaking officers and sailors, and coming down through the skylights and crevices, taking possession of the sleeping quarters of most of the party. An almost funny time we had, trying to rescue our belongings from the very wet water, our trunks having been brought up from the hold the day before and nearly packed for going ashore.

No account was taken of our personal appearance as we roamed about, holding on to anything that might seem firm, in our endeavors to get ourselves and our clothes away from the water.

Our trunks in the saloon lurched back and forth across the width of the room, resulting in black and blue spots for some of us.

Under such watery conditions I found that rubbers, or galoshes, were more comforting than bedroom slippers. Everybody called for Arthur as the panacea for all our troubles.

For the rest of the night Mr. and Mrs. Loomis took to their smaller cabin, Louis to the main saloon, while I turned in with Harriet. It was very rough and rolling, Louis being thrown from the couch three times. This morning early we hove to, and all except Arthur and Louis were glad to remain as much as possible in a horizontal position. At ten o'clock, as there seemed to be no chance of going into Charleston in such a strong wind, we made short sail and headed northeast, with an uncomfortable day following.

SUNDAY, MAR. 30TH.—What a blessed, calm, beautiful morning for Easter, after the tempestuous nights and day, only the heavy ground-swell to remind us of the discomforts and disappointment at not being able to go to Charleston.

We are rounding Cape Hatteras, who is behaving her prettiest as a reward for our cold welcome at Charleston's door, and are able to be on deck all day in the sun, to read aloud and think of all that has passed.

I cannot but feel sad that we are nearing our journey's end, and that we will soon say adieu to our comfortable quarters on Aloha where so many happy days have been spent. These stand out with brightness in camparison to the short time of storms and consequent discomforts. I am reminded of that grand and beautiful Te Deum:

"O ye Heavens, bless ye the Lord; praise Him, and magnify Him for ever.

O ye Waters that be above the firmament, bless ye the Lord, praise Him and magnify Him for ever...

O ye Winds of God, bless ye the Lord; praise Him, and magnify Him for ever....

O ye Light and Darkness, bless ye the Lord; praise Him and magnify Him for ever....

O ye Seas and Floods, bless ye the Lord; praise Him and magnify Him for ever...."

The barometer is acting queerly again, jumping about in a strange way. It has grown quite a little colder and we are now headed for Hampton Roads. Everything in the saloon was so wet in the morning that we did not have service until four o'clock.

MONDAY, MAR. 31ST.—The antics of the barometer were translated this morning into our weather language, which means that a strong wind from the northwest met us at seven-thirty, as we entered Hampton Roads, keeping us from landing for the present at Fortress Monroe or Old Point Comfort. What's in a name? In our position we were neither fortified nor comforted!

It seems very odd, and almost as though we must be Chinese asking for "An Open Door" to America and the United States; at no place have we been barred or refused an entrance into any harbor, until we reached the United States. Beginning with Miami, where there was not enough water for Aloha; then at Savannah where the wind and dark day put us out of our course; Charleston closing her portal against us, the pilot running off with the key; and finally Fortress Monroe kicking up such high seas and wind, making us wait until afternoon before the door is opened even on a crack, and then the launch can only take us in relays, covered as much as possible in yellow oilers!

At last we are on land again and at the Chamberlin Hotel, to dry ourselves off a bit before taking the trolley to Hampton Institute.

We called upon Dr. Frissell and Mr. and Mrs. Scoville, were shown all about the grounds and different class-rooms, which are most interesting.

Mrs. Scoville, who was Miss Louise Armstrong, had been a guest of the James's on one of Coronet's first yachting trips.

The strong winds of the morning had increased to such an extent that it was difficult and dangerous for any boats to be out, and when it came to making a landing in the heavy seas, it was next to impossible. However, the Cape Charles boat did

arrive; and very much belated we started out once more on the water, putting ourselves in the care of old Neptune, and how he did treat us to a farewell display of his powers. The old boat, creaking and rattling with the wind and wave, finally ran aground, pushed off and then went on again. Our Captain James advised us to be on deck near the life preservers. So there we stood in the gale until, with reversed engines, the old boat slipped off, this time into deep water and proceeded to the landing where the train for New York was waiting.

We turned into our berths, not for sound sleep, but for pleasant dreams and thankful thoughts of the wonders of sunshine and storm now passed; of pleasures of travel and sight-seeing; of warm friendships; of the comforts and luxurious conveniences of our beloved Aloha; and above all for the close companionship and increased admiration and love for our host and hostess.

May many bright blessings fall upon them in years to come and upon their home on the waters, Aloha *Nui oe.*

How can we leave thee!
How can we bear to part,
We have been heart to heart,
Aloha Nui oe!

He'll ne'er forget who sees—
Borne on by lightest breeze,
Thy white wings skim the seas!
Aloha Nui oe!

Nor when by gales beset,
Soft like a dove that's wet,
Folded, no sail is set,
Aloha Nui oe!

In port or ocean swell,
Princess, we wish thee well!
How much we ne'er can tell!
Aloha Nui oe!

Crying like Vikings old
"Skol, Skol" o'er cup of gold,
Hand clasped in hand, we hold!
Aloha Nui oe!

Sadly "good-bye" we say,
But on thy shrine we lay
Hope, for some future day—
Aloha Nui oe!

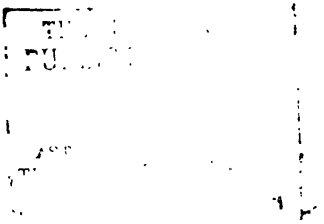
Part II

THE GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE AND CAMPING IN QUEBEC

August 1st to September 5th, 1902

From the Journals of

L. H. S. & C. A. S.



In the Good Old Summer Time—August, 1902

CHAPTER I

OFFICIAL DUTIES

AUGUST 1ST, 1902.—The summer cruise of 1902 began with duties for Aloha, which, as flagship, she assumes for the first time.

Our objective point at present is Newport, whither we are conveying three race-abouts and their crews, the latter Seawanhaka Corinthians, who are to have a team challenge race with the sailormen of Buzzard's Bay—the Beverly Yacht Club. The three water-babies astern are the Indian, Jolly Roger and Whistlewing, each carrying one man, whose duty is to keep them right-side-up; while watching their toys from Aloha's deck are the proud owners, with great hopes that on the return they may carry the cup.

Mrs. Scoville and Miss Bryce are weighing the chances of each captain, not allowing us to know whose colors they have chosen; while our genial fleet captain is encouraging each in turn, and we hear a great deal of discussion about team-racing.

Leaving Oyster Bay at six o'clock, we reached our Newport anchorage on the following morning, having found Point Judith friendly to our little procession, and not inclined to make the trip a difficult one for Aloha.

To-day the harbor presents a very quiet appearance, but with the arrival of the New York Yacht Club Squadron on Monday, we shall have close neighbors.

Our races will be sailed on three successive days, the course to be laid by the committee before the starting-gun.

Rear Commodore Matheson will arrive in time for the first race, and, at his kind suggestion, Lavrock will act as committee-boat.

MONDAY, AUG. 4TH.—The hour set for the race was two o'clock. We had early luncheon at Berger's, and at the appointed hour

started in high spirits, as becomes true sportsmen; but I regret to chronicle a defeat.

Two members of the race committee joined us at dinner, when we discussed the whys and wherefores of defeat, and did not forget to honor the victors.

TUESDAY, AUG. 5TH.—With the many means of entertainment afforded by this charming summer resort, one o'clock arrived very quickly, and again, on board the Lavrock, we found many guests accepting the kind hospitality of her owner.

Friends of each club are more equally divided to-day, but Beverly has to accord the race to us.

Returning to the harbor, we found the squadron arriving, and were hardly on board Aloha before the Commodore of the fleet anchored near by. Our own tea party was rudely disturbed by Aloha's gun of welcome, while at the same moment her Seawanhaka pennants were hauled down, the private signal hoisted, and we became simply a member of the New York Yacht Club fleet.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 6TH.—The excitement attending to-day's deciding race was great, and the crews were about early in preparation for the event. We are offering all the encouragement possible, but in our hearts fear the Quakeress.

Alas, for our hopes! The last of our races was sailed to-day, and the cup carried off by the Beverlys by a very small margin, Quakeress again leading. The cup, which Mr. Bacon had on the Lavrock, is a beauty. It is too bad to lose it, but there will be a chance to win it back next year. This ended the races. The young men left us to-night to go back to Oyster Bay, and we shall set sail to-morrow.

THURSDAY, AUG. 7TH.—Everything was on the move this morning, the order having been given to the fleet to weigh anchor at 8:30. We are going to cruise with them as far as Vineyard Haven, then be independent and keep on as we please. The morning being glorious, with a fresh northwest wind, the fleet was a most beautiful sight, as one yacht after another spread its

great white wings and slipped out of the harbor. Many of the schooners and the seventy-footers are in racing trim for the run, and look very shipshape. We brought up the rear with the auxiliaries, but are not going to race officially. The brigantine Mohican, however, being just about in our class, we had hoped might have a private brush with us, but she started before we did and was soon far away. The horizon was filled with sails, everybody that had them carrying spinnakers, and the sight was a wonderfully lovely one in the clear air and sunlight.

As we neared Vineyard Haven we caught up with the Mohican, which was towing a disabled sloop, and signaled to her: "Do you require any further assistance?" She indicated that she understood our question, but she seemed to be in no need of help, so we sailed by and were off Vineyard Haven before her. Passing the fleet we signaled the commodore for permission to leave, and, having received it, were just about going on, when the Mohican signaled: "Come within hailing distance!" We lay to until they were near enough to talk, and then heard this message shouted through the megaphone: "Will race you for a hundred-dollar cup to Marblehead." "Gee, I'd rather do anything than that," said Arthur to us, but through the megaphone he shouted like a man: "All right. When will you start?" and the answer is: "Now!"

Poor Aloha has a foul bottom and is minus her main staysail, very much needed in this wind, but left behind by mistake; so Arthur felt we did not stand much of a chance. We had a pretty start. During the next three hours the two ships were neck and neck, and things were interesting enough. Toward dark, however, Mohican drew away, and by night we could not distinguish her lights from the others, which showed through the darkness.

The run through the shoals is a troublesome one, the passage being very narrow, and there was not much rest for Arthur all night.

FRIDAY, AUG. 8TH.—Dear me, we have been out a week! Well, this morning Mohican was nowhere in sight, and we pleased our-

selves imagining that we could see her topmasts far behind us. The weather is very troublesome, first giving us a thunderstorm, during which it poured so that every bit of wind was killed, and then coming around with a squall, which necessitated taking in most of our sail. This was discouraging, but we hoped Mohican was taking the same dose, wherever she might be.

At about 1:15 we passed Marblehead Rock, and every one was on the watch to see whether we were winners or losers. It was not long before we had to acknowledge that the square-rigged vessel which we could see lying placidly at anchor in the harbor was no other than Mohican, and as we drew near her and asked how long she had been at anchor, we learned that she had beaten us by about four hours. This was really not quite so humiliating as it sounds, for she had had a good breeze all night, and had got in before the squall, which made us lose so much time.

After luncheon, Mr. Dows Mohican's owner, Mr. Guy Norman and Mr. Harriman came on board, bringing their log to talk things over, and then a funny thing was discovered. It seems that when we signaled "C. T.," by the International Code, meaning "Do you need assistance?" they read, according to the New York Yacht Club Code, "When will the race begin?" Thinking we were keen for a race with them, and notwithstanding they had intended to stop at Vineyard Haven, they immediately took up the supposed challenge and made the proposition about the cup. So Arthur is the loser on a race he did not wish to sail and unconsciously suggested. Anyway it was good fun and very amusing to talk over. Mr. Dows and his friends are true sports, good sailors and have a fine ship. They asked us on board for afternoon tea, and we enjoyed looking her over. There was quite a party on deck in the evening—our Mohican friends, Vice-commodore Sloane of the Idler and other callers. The nights are lovely in these quiet harbors, with the lights from all the ships and even the stars reflected in the black water, and the ships' bells sounding every half-hour, making quite a chorus of chimes.

SATURDAY, AUG. 9TH.—Jake tells us this morning that we've got to go up to Boston "to have a shave"—in other words, get

the barnacles scraped off Aloha, and we spent most of the morning discussing what we had better do while the ship is in drydock. About fifty different plans were gone over—"cussed and discussed," as the colored gentleman said. It ended by our leaving Harriet with her sister at Beach Bluff, while the rest of the party went to Boston. After getting into drydock all except the Scovilles rejoined the hostess.

MONDAY, AUG. 11TH.—Last night we returned to the yacht, and after a rather novel night aboard, high and dry on the dock, we expected to find ourselves floating out at high tide this morning at six. The first discouraging thing we heard was that the tide was not high enough to float us. This, added to dreadful weather, promised a bad day, but it is over now. The tide began to rise, the ship began to float, the wind began to blow, the captain to smile, and at six p. m. we are well on our way down the coast.

TUESDAY, AUG. 12TH.—We did not have such a good evening after all, for the weather was as bad as possible. A combination quite new to me is a thunder-storm and a fog at the same time. To hear the thunder roll, the fog horn toot, and then a flash light up the misty waters with a queer, purplish light, is a strange sensation. However, all this was last night, and this morning we woke to as glorious a day as ever shone, such a one as only a clear northwest wind knows how to bring. Everybody's spirits were on the mend, and Arthur getting gay with the fleet captain even before breakfast. The Aloha just flew, and we spent a blissful day lying on deck in the sun.

During the afternoon we began running through the lovely straits between the islands at the mouth of Penobscot Bay, and about four o'clock landed at Islesboro, which is on one of the many fir-covered rocky islands that skirt the Maine coast. The sun set as clear and brilliant as possible, and it seemed as if we could not breathe in enough of this delicious northern air.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 13.—We all went ashore at Islesboro this morning, and as nearly all the party had acquaintances, our strolls

along the roads were in the nature of a progressive afternoon tea. It is a fine place with rocky points covered with little fir-trees jutting out into the ocean, and a fresh breeze sweeping across. Aloha came around to Dark Harbor to meet us, and about noon we were on our way to North East Harbor, passing through more of the lovely island channels. The people who live in North East Harbor do not see half the beauty of it, for the place is much finer from the ocean, from whence one sees the whole range of mountains, which form Mt. Desert. We had the full benefit of the scene as we sailed up the coast this afternoon, and it is a wonderful place. The harbor itself is most picturesque, tucked in between wooded hills. Arthur's father and mother are staying here, and we took supper with them at the Kimball House.

THURSDAY, AUG. 14TH.—Mr. and Mrs. James took us to-day for a drive to Jordan's Pond, where we had a row and a delicious luncheon. Then we hurried back to the yacht to be in time to meet some of their friends, who came on board to afternoon tea and to have a short run on Aloha. Among them were Bishop Hare from Dakota and Bishop Doane, who wears on his broad-brimmed hat a blue ribbon marked in large gilt letters, "Only"—this being the name of his row-boat. Of course, he was delightful, and we enjoyed meeting all the visitors. Before they had gone, however, all of our party transferred themselves to Mr. James' steam yacht Lorna, which had been following Aloha like a pet dog, and in her we went over to Bar Harbor at a rate which took one's breath away. Here we must say good-bye to the fleet captain, whom we shall miss dreadfully, for there's nobody like him for enlivening things in general, cheering up individuals in particular and making felt the attractions of "The Good Old Summer Time." Here, too, Mr. and Mrs. Sherman join us for the rest of the cruise, which will be due north.

CHAPTER II

SAILING NORTHWARD

FRIDAY, AUG. 15TH.—The fair and talented keeper of Aloha's log from New York to North East Harbor, becoming weary of the task, shifted the same to the unwilling shoulders of the present scribe, and without any apologies for its defects, the latter will endeavor to give a true and faithful account of the main events of this cruise, beginning with the present day.

An announcement by the Commodore that Aloha would run over to South West Harbor at four a. m. to-day, for the purpose of coaling, caused all hands to turn in early, as morning naps would probably be disturbed by the attendant noise. Most of us slept soundly, however, until called at seven bells.

Shortly before noon we were ordered aboard, and the ship proceeded under steam out of the picturesque harbor and through a group of rocky islands to the point of our official departure, Baker's Island Light, of which we were abreast at 12.35 p. m.

Lorna, with Mr. and Mrs. James and Mr. Henry James of Baltimore on board, accompanied us to this point, and then, after an exchange of salutes between the two vessels and their passengers, we parted company and began our voyage.

Aloha continued under steam until after the crew, weary from a morning's hard work at loading coal, had finished their dinner. The order was then given to make sail, and under the influence of a moderate breeze from west southwest, we bowled along for several hours at a nine-knot gait, Mount Desert gradually fading from view. Our course was laid southeast by south, which Arthur calculates will enable us to clear Cape Sable nicely, after rounding which we are to skirt the east coast of Nova Scotia, touching first at Port Hawkesbury on Cape Breton Island, distant about four hundred miles from Mount Desert.

Luncheon over, we sat on deck and enjoyed the sensation of real sailing as, with every available stitch of canvas spread, Aloha romped along, gently heeling to the breeze. The atmosphere was slightly hazy; small vagrant fog-banks here and there on the horizon portended thick weather before the night was over.

Lazy talk, reading, backgammon and napping pleasantly occupied an uneventful afternoon, but the bracing air made us quite ready for tea and sandwiches at two bells.

A "time-sight" was taken by the navigating officer during the afternoon, and, after his observations and figures had been checked by Commodore James, announcement of our longitudinal time was made, and the ship's clocks were set to conform therewith.

At dinner time there was a noticeable lack of appetite on the part of Harriet and Leila, who decided that the deck-house transoms were preferable to seats at the saloon table. They both appeared very critical of our excellent *cuisine*, firmly declining all courses preceding meat, and not evincing much enthusiasm for that.

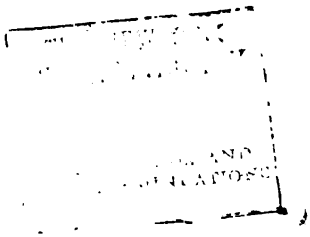
Our new second steward, shipped at Bar Harbor, paid early tribute to Neptune, and did not appear at dinner. His preternaturally solemn countenance while waiting at luncheon was then accounted for.

Upon our return to the deck after dinner, we found the moon shining brightly, but occasionally obscured by narrow strips of light fog which scudded across the sky, hardly clearing our masthead. The wind in the meantime had almost died out and drawn dead aft, so that our yards were squared, and a considerable variableness in direction made it necessary to jibe the mainsail repeatedly.

Seven bells saw us all in our cabins, and, except for a sharp shower accompanied by lightning but no squall, we passed a quiet night.

SATURDAY, AUG. 16TH.—A moderately thick fog greeted us when we awoke this morning, and on the heel of the bowsprit a wheezy, discordant fog-horn tried to sound chromatic scales, but failed dismally.

NORTHWARD BOUND



Upon entering the chart-room, I found the course we had sailed pricked by dead reckoning, and our position, thus theoretically determined, was about thirty miles west of Seal Island and some sixty-four miles southeast of Baker's Island. The lead showed that we were in about fifty-six fathoms of water; wind very light from northeast, barometer slowly falling. Dead reckoning in the treacherous currents off Cape Sable is, however, a very inexact science, and the only opportunity to "take the sun" yesterday, coming after noon, made it necessary to employ an assumed latitude in figuring our position. Not unnaturally, therefore, our navigators were less confident than usual of the results of their calculations, and prudently steered a more southerly course to avoid any possibility of encountering the numerous rocks and shoals off this dangerous cape, which has been nicknamed by sailors "the graveyard of ships."

In spite of the fog and drizzle, which continued until late afternoon, life on board was full of interest and amusement; backgammon, duplicate whist and the story of "Her Ladyship's Elephant," read aloud by Ouisel, beguiled the time. About eight bells in the afternoon watch, the fog began to lift; a rift in the west permitted the sun to peep at us; and, as the masses of vapor were blown away by an oncoming nor'wester, which commenced to pipe up merrily behind us, a perfect rainbow gladdened our eyes with its beauty and promise of fair weather.

The wind increased steadily, and our second day's run bade fair to more than compensate for our slow progress on Thursday. In the meantime the atmosphere became clear as crystal, and, as the breeze freshened, Aloha shook off her lethargy and scampered away on her course, apparently determined to give old Boreas a hot race. That she succeeded in this was evident from the fact that after dinner we were able to light cigars on deck without shielding our matches, showing that we were traveling quite as fast as the wind. The moon shone brightly on the white-capped waves, which were visible a long distance away, and we were exhilarated by the beauty of the evening and the sensation of flying over the water, which is always accentuated at night.

At about two bells we made out the lights of two vessels approaching from the opposite direction, and altered our course so as to speak one of them, a small fishing-schooner. After hailing her skipper through a megaphone and inquiring our bearing and distance from Seal Island, he replied: "East by south, fifteen miles." This piece of information was received with some scepticism by our officers, and we continued to hold a southerly course, until our soundings told us we were well clear of Cape Sable. We then hauled up gradually toward the coast, and by midnight were steering northeast by east.

SUNDAY, AUG. 17TH.—Morning saw a continuance of perfect weather conditions, though the sea had risen somewhat, and our party at breakfast was less gay than usual. As the day wore on, sea-legs were recovered, and the magnificent sailing of our stanch ship was enjoyed by all. There was one exception, namely, Willard, the new second steward, who has not shown himself on deck since yesterday morning. I went forward where he lay in his berth, the picture of misery, but receiving scant sympathy from the crew, who despise a landlubber, and make merry over his sufferings. I overheard the head steward tell the maid, in reply to her inquiry as to Willard's condition, that he was very bad, and we should probably hold a wake before morning! Even the ship appeared to take delight in torturing the poor fellow, friskily tossing her head and heels, and occasionally dropping the bone from her mouth to utter "a low Ha! Ha!"

Divine service scheduled for six bells, forenoon watch, was postponed, out of consideration for some still rebellious stomachs, until afternoon, as we expected smoother water on approaching land. The wind, however, hauled dead aft, and, after taking in the mainsail to make steering easier, Aloha gave us a taste of her ability to roll gracefully. This proved again somewhat demoralizing to our cabin congregation, and it was decided to omit the service for the day.

At noon, with a perfectly clear horizon, we "caught the sun," and at last secured data for latitude and longitude to be relied upon. It was found that we were several miles south of the

point indicated by dead reckoning, and that we should not see land before late afternoon.

At eight bells, afternoon watch, the first officer ascended the bridge and immediately called out: "Land, ho!" This announcement was at first disputed by the mate, who had hoped to make the discovery himself, and had been scanning the horizon for some time without being able to report a land-fall. He declined, however, Mr. Bezanson's offer to back his opinion by a cash wager and, after again squinting through his glasses, was compelled to admit the superiority of the first officer's vision. It was quite a while before the rest of us could discern the faint streak on the horizon to be land, but gradually it became clearly defined, and by four bells the entrance to the port of Halifax was visible abeam. An hour later we passed the whistling buoy off Egg Rock, and then altered our course a trifle to parallel the coast, just close enough to distinguish the numerous lights which the Canadian government generously provides for the guidance of mariners.

Again we were favored by a clear moonlight evening, and spent most of it seated in a row on the deck of the bridge, singing sacred songs. It is hard to account for, but we certainly felt less of the ship's motion there than on the main deck.

MONDAY, AUG. 18TH.—At breakfast few of us could report having slept soundly; trying to counteract the tendency of our bodies to rotate in bed occupied mind and muscle too much for perfect repose. As we headed up for Chedabucto Bay, toward the early morning, the mainsail was set, and so steadied the ship that we did get good naps and awoke refreshed.

Just before entering the straits separating the mainland of Nova Scotia from Cape Breton Island, and known as the Gut of Canso, sails were lowered, the engine started and we steamed between hilly shores into the harbor of Port Hawkesbury, where we dropped anchor about four bells in the afternoon. Shortly afterward the launch was ordered alongside. All went ashore to see the forlorn little town, to send letters and telegrams and to collect any which might have arrived for us.

Returning to the landing, we were accosted by a well-meaning citizen, who informed us that a man had died of smallpox in the town that morning, and that, as the local quarantine regulations were hardly worth mentioning, he advised us not to linger on shore longer than necessary. He added that the deceased had recently been in one of the stores we had just visited, which did not tend to reassure us. When we learned, however, that one of our party had had varioloid and that the rest had been recently vaccinated, no serious fear was felt, and the only precaution taken was to consign our purchases to the waves. Awaiting us we found Arthur talking to Captain Philpot, a former sailing-master of Coronet, and now a leading citizen of Port Hawkesbury.

The barometer has been steadily falling for the past two days, and Arthur decided to lie at anchor until the weather conditions appeared more settled. The wind remained west, but there were several showers during the afternoon, and the proposed walking expedition to the Port Mulgrave side was abandoned by all save "Billy" Scoville, who, undaunted by the rain, tramped the hillsides for three hours, and came back laden with wild flowers and a miniature Christmas tree, which now decorates the saloon.

During the afternoon the new steam yacht Isis, the Messrs. Spaulding of Boston, owners, came into the harbor and anchored close by. Calls were exchanged, and Arthur vied with the Messrs. Spaulding in expressions of admiration for each other's ship.

During the day our barometer recovered from its fit of depression, and, as no signs of a storm are visible, we hope to get under way about two bells to-morrow morning.

TUESDAY, AUG. 19TH.—We left Hawkesbury and the Gut of Canso this morning, bound for none of us knew where until we were well out. All our discussions of Newfoundland versus Labrador having failed to bring about a decision, we begged Arthur to make his own plans and tell us after he started whither he was bound. I need not say that, when he headed off on a course that unmistakably pointed to Labrador, we were all well suited. At Port Hawkesbury we also left the remains of the last second steward, this being the fourth since New York. Frank

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No Wind—Steam Ordered

said it was a diversion to him daily to look down and see who was wearing Owen's clothes. The said clothes hung like bloomers on the gaunt form of the last incumbent, that is, when he was able to hold up clothes at all. Most of the trip he spent in agonies of seasickness, although he recommended himself as a seagoing steward.

It took us a long time to drop the shores of Cape Breton, and it seemed as if we dallied about near the East Point lighthouse, on Prince Edward Island, all day. Finally, Arthur gave up trying to sail without wind, and put on steam again.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 20TH.—Practically the same weather conditions as last night. Wind north by west, and freshening slightly. Mainsails, staysails and jibs set at eight bells, course altered to northeast, to make them draw.

The unpleasant and unexpected announcement of our steward that the ship's food supply is running low makes it imperative to find a port where our larder may be replenished without delay. This predicament causes us to alter our plans and steer for the Bay of Gaspé, much to our skipper's disgust, whither we are now headed, with sails furled and steaming under forced draught.

The execrations of our captain in condemning the stupidity of the commissary department were remarkable for their copiousness and vigor.

Early in the afternoon, Bonaventure Island and Percé Rock, which mark the south side of the entrance to Gaspé Bay, became visible; slowly, because retarded by a strong headwind and currents, we approach the land. These currents, to-day unusually strong, and estimated by the Commodore to have a speed of at least three knots, were afterward accounted for by news of a rainstorm of great severity, which had swollen the waters of the York and Dartmouth Rivers, both emptying into the Bay of Gaspé. We learned that the storm had passed three days before and was accompanied by a violent gale, during which the lighthouse tender, a stanch, powerful steamer, having been caught out in the open gulf, was thrown on her beam ends, narrowly escaping foundering, and struggled into the harbor, sadly battered and with four

feet of water in her engine-room. This bad weather we had entirely escaped, but the drooping spirits of our barometer last Sunday were explained.

We had only a distant view of Percé Rock, that remarkably picturesque formation, which has been fully described in "Coronet Memories." The arch, washed through it by the waves, was visible only through a glass, but it is possible we may have a nearer glimpse upon our return from St. John's River.

Our course into the harbor carried us much nearer to the Cape Gaspé side, the rugged and lofty point of which is surmounted by a lighthouse. Ranges of hills extend back from the sea on both sides of the bay, and their sides are dotted with the little white cottages of the French-Canadian fishermen which in the distance resemble a scattered camp of tents. So nearly alike are the houses, that the monotony is only slightly punctuated here and there by the inevitable Catholic church. Beneath these straggling villages, the hills descend abruptly to the beach in limestone cliffs, bare of verdure, recalling the sand banks of Seawanhaka Harbor. They are, however, higher than their Long Island prototypes, and their faces are patched and streaked with red ; due, we suppose, to deposits of iron. The effect in the strong sunlight is strikingly beautiful.

The waters of Gaspé Bay are deep, the shores bold and for most of its length entirely free of hazard to navigation. Near the upper end a shoal makes out from the south shore, its extremity being marked by a small lightship. There is, however, plenty of room for vessels to pass on the north side, and a little above the lightship the bay is divided by a point of land into two snug harbors, known respectively as Southwest Arm and Northwest Arm. Southwest Arm is really the mouth of the York River, and here, off the village of Gaspé, we came to anchor in seven fathoms of water.

Beautiful sunsets are certainly not uncommon, but in northern latitudes there is a much wider expanse of illumination than New Yorkers are accustomed to; this evening an unusually fine mackerel sky reflected and refracted the rays of the sun in infinite variety of color and with the clear brilliancy which only

follows a day of northwest winds. This glorious sky was perfectly mirrored in the still water of the inner harbor, and the conical bristling tops of the fir-trees, which there grow close to the water's edge, stood out in distinct relief against the gold and crimson background.

As we cautiously steamed to our anchorage opposite the center of the village of Gaspé, we could see that our arrival had created no slight interest on shore. The small docks were quickly covered with people, and the more enterprising put off in canoes and small boats, to have a nearer view of Aloha, whose graceful hull and towering rig must have appeared impressively majestic as she came to anchor in the narrow river, a few cables' lengths from shore.

After dinner two land expeditions were organized, one led by the Commodore to see the town and to mail letters and send telegrams to anxious friends at home; the other headed by the steward to buy meat and other provisions, to last, we hope, until we put in at Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, upon our return across the gulf.

After landing upon one of the piers, to which we ascended from the launch by a rickety and slippery ladder, we were pleasantly greeted by several of the residents, one of whom inquired whither we were bound, and volunteered to procure us a gulf pilot, if desired. The inhabitants of this town appear to be mainly British-Canadians, some of them persons of means, judging from several handsome dwellings which we passed on our way along the plank walk of the principal street which skirts the water front. There is a general air of neatness and thrift, and the United States government regards the place of sufficient importance to station there a consul, our attention being drawn to the latter fact by the sight of the Star-spangled Banner proudly floating from a flagpole in front of the consulate.

THURSDAY, AUG. 21ST.—Another fair morning with a light, northerly breeze. The donkey-engine rattled the chain and anchor aboard about two bells, and Aloha sauntered out of Gaspé Bay under easy steam, while we again had a chance to enjoy the scenery, finding beauties overlooked on the way in.

We passed much closer to the north shore than on entering, and noticed a pretty cascade tumbling down one of the hillsides, directly into the bay. On rounding Cape Gaspé we were again impressed with the severe picturesqueness of the cliffs, which are much higher outside the bay; and near them large flocks of sea gulls, white with black-tipped wings, were flying about, probably not far from their rock-sheltered nests.

Close to the cliffs dozens of little fishing-boats about twenty-five feet in length, double-enders and substantially alike in model, were engaged with their swarthy French-Canadian crews in fishing for cod. In rig they were a novelty to most of us, some having two, others three masts, and on each mast was carried a spritsail, the aftersail of the three-masters being smaller than the others, like the mizzen of a ketch, while forward the jib, set flying from the stem, completed the spread of canvas. We saw one exception to this in a little three-master which, in addition to the sails already mentioned, sported two tiny staysails on stays, leading one from the main, the other from the mizzen-mast. Three or four cables' lengths away she resembled a miniature ship, but like the others was an open boat with only a small deck aft, under which is a cuddy for keeping small articles dry. These craft are excellent sea boats, as they must be for the open waters of the gulf; and as may be surmised from the foregoing description, sail is not shortened by reefing.

We took "farewell" off Cape Rosier about six miles east of Cape Gaspé. There is a lighthouse on the point, also a Lloyds station, to which we signaled our official number and asked to be reported to the New York Herald.

In the meantime, finding no wind outside, the captain ordered the blower on the engine started, and Aloha hit up the pace to ten knots and maintained it with little variation all day, doing eleven knots between seven and eight in the evening. It was magnificent work for her small engine, unaided by sail.

The sea was as unruffled as the water in an aquarium, and to justify the simile, a large whale began spouting away on our starboard-bow, a sight which aroused much interest among our landlubbers.

At 6.15 p. m. West Point Light on the Island of Anticosti bore northeast by east, approximately, and was some eight miles distant. Anticosti, we have been told, is the property of Monsieur Menier, the proprietor of the famous chocolate-making establishment, and he is reported to have bought the entire island, some one hundred and twenty miles in length and thirty in breadth, for sixteen thousand dollars. It is now considered that he secured a great bargain, and the Quebec trappers say that the value of the fur-bearing animals on the island is equal to the purchase price.

Monsieur Menier has a fine summer residence on the island, has built a hotel which he leases, and employs a number of Indians and Canadians, who spend the winter in trapping mink, otter, beaver, black bear, foxes and other furry beasts which abound, the skins being sold for his account. He is very jealous of his interests and employs men to watch and patrol the coast, permitting no one to land without a permit and absolutely prohibiting hunting by visitors. At one time he refused to allow any other than the French flag to be displayed on the island, but this was brought to the attention of the Dominion government, which promptly dispelled the illusion apparently entertained by the Frenchman that he was running a little empire of his own.

We are now north of the fiftieth parallel, and enjoy the long twilights that materially lengthen our navigator's day. At 8.30 o'clock this evening it was still sufficiently light easily to discern the time on the face of my watch. Darkness had, however, settled down some time before we were near enough to distinguish objects on the land, but we held a true course for the mouth of the river until Mingan Light was abeam, when orders were given to stop the ship and heave the lead. Then, under half-speed, with occasional stops to sound, Aloha crept in toward the shore until lights became faintly visible, and through a night-glass was made out a group of small, white buildings, which we rightly guessed to be the houses of a fishing village. Finally, the boatswain announced eight fathoms, and, as there were no signs of bad weather, we came to anchor for the night in the open gulf.

On the way in Arthur had called our attention to some northern lights, which commenced to appear in the sky ahead of us. Small and faint at first, these strange, silvery bands of light began to play in the heavens in a manner suggesting the invisibly operated notes of an æolean keyboard. Then for a time they nearly ceased, but about six bells, after most of our party had retired, three of us, who are night-owls, namely, Arthur, "Mary" (as Miss Bryce has lately been dubbed) and the scribe, were treated to a second display, far transcending the first in extent and brilliancy, quite beyond my powers of description. At one time, from zenith to horizon, there was a complete arch of these wondrously beautiful, ever-shifting light-beams, in all the prismatic colors. Our exclamations of delight attracted the attention of Harriet, who, wrapped in blankets, quickly appeared in the after companionway, and joined in our enthusiastic chorus. It seemed a pity that any of the party should miss this interesting phenomenon, but Billy and Ouisel were sound asleep, and, though we did arouse Leila, she did not reach the deck in time to see more than the rapidly disappearing end of the aurora.

CHAPTER III

IN CAMP

The St. John River, at the mouth of which we anchored, discharges into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, about fifteen miles west of Mingan Harbor, on the south coast of the Province of Quebec. This stream is possibly a hundred miles in length and, perhaps, half a mile wide at its mouth. There is a small settlement at that point, comprising thirty-five families, all of which, except two, are French-Canadian; the others are headed by a stranded Englishman and his son, who have become almost as French as their neighbors. In summer they fish for cod in the sea and for trout and salmon in the river. About forty miles of the river fishing is controlled by Mr. James J. Hill, of St. Paul. Mr. Hill has a camp thirteen miles up the river, and, at his invitation, our host is to take us there for two or three days of shore life and on the remote possibility that we may kill a salmon or two, though the salmon season closed two or three weeks ago, and almost all of the fish must have gone up to the spawning-beds near the head of the river, sixty miles above the camp.

FRIDAY, AUG. 27TH.—I was awakened about six bells by hearing Arthur call in hearty tones: "Come aboard, Mr. Chambers! Glad to see you on Aloha!" and when my senses became sufficiently aroused, I remembered that it had been Arthur's plan to go ashore very early in the morning and arrange with Mr. Hill's caretaker for our transportation to the camp. This he had accomplished, fortunately getting hold of Mr. Chambers, who was on the point of starting up the river to put the camp in order, not having expected us before the arrival of the next mail steamer, due a couple of days hence. His advices from Mr. Hill's office, received the preceding day, made no mention of the fact that we were coming on a yacht, and it was only when some

one reported that a launch was crossing the bar at the entrance of the river that his attention was directed to Aloha's presence and he suspected the true situation.

After breakfast, our necessary luggage and provisions were put into the launch; we all followed, and in a few minutes had crossed the bar and were making for the boat-landing in front of Mr. Chambers's cottage. The canoes are stored in the boat-house, and presently four of them were put overboard, eight natives (including Chambers) divided into crews of two men each. Our party being distributed, we left the ill-smelling shores of the village, which are polluted by a fringe of dead fish, and paddled and poled our heavily laden canoes against the swift current.

The river comes straight out of the wilderness, and after one turn we had left behind every sign of life. It is a broad, swift stream, with few rapids, and high, clayey banks, covered with the inevitable dark pointed fir-trees of the north—not as picturesque or lively a river as the Humber, in Newfoundland, but still pretty and interesting, because so new to us. Luncheon was served on a stony point, where we also tackled our first black flies.

We amused ourselves and our crews by airing our French, and most of their *patois* was unintelligible to us. "Mary," our poet-laureate, aided by Ouisel, agitated her cerebrum, with the result that we were treated to a line of minstrelsy, of which the following is a sample stanza:

> "*A crabbed old sea-dog named Jake,*
> *Made a kick when we ran short of steak.*
> *When we got to Cape Gaspé,*
> *His voice had grown raspy,*
> *And he vowed that the cook was a fake.*"

After an hour's rest we re-embarked and continued up the river, which gradually narrowed as we advanced, the bends becoming more frequent and the rapids more turbulent.

An incident novel to most of us enlivened the second half of the journey. While following in the last canoe I noticed a commotion among the passengers of the leading boat; excited exclamations

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Camping on St. John's River

reached my ears, and the boatmen were jabbing with their poles at some object in the water, but whether fish, flesh or fowl I could only conjecture. As the other canoes came up, the uproar increased and finally the cause was ascertained. A large salmon, evidently sick from some cause, was struggling to get down the river to the sea; despite the fact that it was partially disabled, the great fish was making desperate efforts to escape, and although at a serious disadvantage in the very shallow water, came near succeeding. The keen-eyed guide who had first discovered him was now reinforced by the others, and at length a well directed thrust from an iron-pointed pole impaled the salmon which, however, still fought gamely and succeeded in again shaking itself free. Finally, one of the boatmen jumped out of his canoe; dexterously sliding the fingers of one hand under the gills of the fish, he lifted it from the water and proceeded to stun his captive by pounding its head with a stone. This treatment proved effectual, and the magnificent fish, which Chambers estimated to weigh from twenty-eight to thirty pounds, was thrown into the bottom of the freight canoe and carried with us to camp. Such an adventure served to stimulate our rather forlorn hope of killing some salmon in the usual way, which, superficially, may seem less cruel, but if the duration of suffering incident to taking a salmon with rod and line is considered, I am inclined to think, if given his choice, a sensible fish condemned to die would prefer what appeared to us a more barbarous execution.

Shortly afterward a turn in the river brought the camp into view, and we quite approved of Mr. Hill's taste in choosing the site. The main camp is set on the hillside about twenty feet above the river, at an elbow of the stream, commanding a very pretty outlook up and down the river.

Our canoes grounded on a white sandy beach directly in front of the camp, and we lost no time in getting within the wire-screened veranda, which extends along three sides of the building, as the black flies and mosquitoes were now attacking us in force. It was then about four o'clock in the afternoon and while the girls were getting their things unpacked, Arthur, Billy and I put our salmon and trout rods together, determined to try casting in the nearby

rapids toward sunset. This programme was followed, but not a strike did we get nor did we see a single salmon "break," and it became evident that the annual exodus to the spawning beds had left few if any fish in the lower river. In the evening Chambers suggested that we should go on the following morning to a point on the river about three miles above the camp, where our chances would be better. He also spoke confidently of finding plenty of partridges on the trails through the woods, so, feeling somewhat encouraged, we went to bed.

Billy made a date with Richards, one of the guides, to try a neighboring trout stream early in the morning, but on the latter's assurance that he never knew a salmon to take a fly before ten o'clock, the rest of us decided to follow its lazy example and breakfast late.

In the evening we gathered about a large wood fire in the principal living-room, which has a huge chimney of cobble-stones set in concrete. Arthur was disposed to grumble at the luxury of the camp with its French windows, comfortable brass beadsteads, table linen, etc., and sighed for a canvas tent or a lean-to in the woods and the labor incident to roughing it. But we are not prepared for that sort of hardship and are exceedingly fortunate in having this fine camp placed at our disposal.

SATURDAY, AUG. 23D.—While we were still at breakfast, Billy returned from his expedition to the trout brook, his face badly bitten by flies but wreathed in smiles as he proudly exhibited a string of thirty-nine trout, caught in the pools at the foot of the falls of the Chambers river whose roar we can hear at the camp.

About 9.30 we started for the salmon grounds, which it took us an hour to reach. Here we exercised all the knowledge and skill of which we and our guides were masters in choosing our flies and casting, but so far as getting a rise from a salmon was concerned, we might as well have been lashing the waters of Oyster Bay with coach whips. There was simply "nothing doing," and we were not consoled when one of our guides, who spoke English with a compound fracture, told us fabulous tales about the throngs of parent salmon who were spending August with their numerous

progeny. They were, he averred, so thick on the bottom of the river, which is there very shallow, that with a spear one man could capture a canoe-load in half an hour. We returned to camp empty-handed, as the trout pool Billy visited was apparently uninhabited. The morning's catch was, however, soon smoking on our plates and eaten with great relish.

Becoming disgusted with our lack of success, I decided to return my salmon rod to its case. In the afternoon, taking my shotgun, with Richards for a guide and three other men as beaters I started out with the idea of adding a bag of partridges to our larder. We struck the trail through the woods directly back of the camp, and had gone perhaps two hundred yards, when the familiar whirr of a flushed partridge startled us; the bird, a fine cock of the spruce variety, sitting on a limb perhaps forty feet away, was discovered by one of the beaters. He stood on his perch with outstretched neck and body, poised in an attitude suggesting immediate flight, but remained perfectly motionless in spite of the noise we made. He apparently imagined himself to be hidden, and it did seem unsportsmanlike to shoot him without a warning. But I was now pot-hunting and not disposed at this stage to take any chances of missing a wing shot. So the bird got a charge of No. 9 in the neck and was quickly retrieved by the beaters. "Look out for his mate," said Chambers, but the bird was either single or his consort occupied in some other part of the woods, possibly trying on a new suit of feathers. At any rate, we tramped for miles on the trails both sides of the river, but did not start another bird. It occurred to me that perhaps the partridges had also established nurseries which were now in commission. Deploring the scarcity of game, but invigorated by the exercise of trudging over the springy, moss-covered trail, obstructed frequently by fallen trees whose slippery and rotten branches made the route perilous to limb, we made our way back to camp. Harriet and Leila welcomed me and said that the rest of the party had gone back to the scene of Billy's early-morning success, hoping for a repetition.

The fishing party brought in sixteen more trout, materially adding to the variety of our *menu*.

There having been only one trout rod in the party, which Billy monopolized, the others, with feelings of admiration not unmixed with envy, watched him land several speckled beauties. Finally, Mary could stand her passivity no longer. She made a short excursion into the jungle and returned lugging a stout log, for what purpose the others could not at first imagine, unless it was to make a dug-out canoe. But Mary informed them that they had another conjecture coming, and began to toy mysteriously with the bodice of her dress and somewhere from her complicated feminine rigging unrove a pink-silk puckering-string, or down-haul. Then she appealed to Ouisel for the loan of a similar article, and, dexterously bending them together, attached one end to the section of the tree already referred to and the other to a spare trout-fly. When Mary's purpose dawned upon the others, expressions of astonishment and derision broke forth in chorus. That resourceful young woman, whose costume included a gay red sweater and Tam O'Shanter, maintained a dignified silence, advanced one end of her gigantic pole over the foaming waters, supporting the butt with Amazonian strength, and permitted the fly to dangle limply into the pool.

Now this was a novelty to the trout, who imagined that a tree had fallen providentially to afford them shelter from the sun's rays, and hastened to get into its grateful shadow. Their attention was next turned to the eccentric fly, the biggest brother in the trout family deciding that the insect was only feigning death to tantalize them. "Watch me gobble the impertinent cuss!" said he, and, retreating for a moment to the shadow of the bank to get a good start, suddenly shot forward and with mouth wide open, grabbed the fly. To the amazement of himself, his family and everybody else, excepting Mary, he was instantly drawn out of the water and landed violently in the bushes far above the bank. Recovering from their merriment and having secured enough fish, the happy trio lost no time in getting back to camp and regaling us with an account of their adventure.

After dinner, a general council decided that both piscatorial and feathered game were too scarce at present to make it desirable to linger longer in camp; that preparations to rejoin

THE TROUT POOL.

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Aloha should be begun in the morning and a start be made immediately after luncheon. Chambers was instructed to dispatch two men in a canoe to the village at daylight and telegraph Aloha's sailing-master to meet us at the mouth of the river, the yacht having been previously ordered to await instructions in Mingan Harbor.

AUGUST 24TH.—During the forenoon I went with Leila to visit the now famous trout brook, not for the purpose of fishing but to photograph some very pretty waterfalls just above it. The light was good and we hope for satisfactory results.

In the meantime, Billy, who is an inveterate mountain-climber, started off with three guides to a distant hill for the ostensible purpose of picking blueberries. The armament of the party consisted of a shotgun, a Colt six-shooter, a trout-rod and three tin cans. Black bear in considerable numbers, occasional lynx and other "varmints" are found in the woods, so the revolver might be useful. The uses of the other weapons may not be obvious, but Billy's guides have some original ideas on the subject.

The blueberry bushes were found, but were not overladen with fruit, and before any large quantity could be picked the attention of the party was diverted by the discovery of a partridge. It was running right along the trail and Billy might easily have dropped it with the gun. Disdaining such unscientific murder, Billy drew his revolver, started in pursuit and began to pepper away at the bird, fortunately winging it on the sixth shot. The partridge continued to run and dodge, however, and then the guides came up with reinforcements in the shape of the cans, which they swung viciously at the fugitive or used as missiles in frantic efforts to kill. The woods rang with the din of their shouts and the banging of the cans until, finally, the terrified and bewildered bird received a whack which laid it low. This style of hunting game birds is entirely new to me, and I have never noticed any reference to it in the works of Frank Forester or other eminent writers on field sports. It is most ingenious and has this advantage over the ordinary

method, namely, a single bird furnishes sport for a large number of hunters, an important consideration where game is not plentiful.

This episode wound up our forest and stream experiences, as we broke camp immediately after lunch and were soon rapidly descending the river, the current furnishing most of the propulsion, our boatmen doing little more than trail their paddles.

About the only new object of interest observed on the way was a seal, sunning himself on a rock near the middle of the river. Although his back was toward us and we seemed to be moving noiselessly, the wary amphibian apparently became aware of our approach while still a good hundred yards away; lazily flopping into the water, he disappeared beneath the surface and did not emerge until we were about the same distance below his rocky sun-parlor. Then his head reappeared and he cautiously swam along in our wake. The younger Chambers now suddenly banged the blade of his paddle against the side of his canoe, which, to our surprise, caused the seal to leap clear out of the water, and each repetition of the blow produced a similar response, until we were over a quarter of a mile distant.

Disembarking at the same point from which we had started up the river, we found the fishing villagers in Sunday attire and gathered in neighborly groups in front of their cottages. As we passed them on our way to the telegraph office, we received many curious but courteous glances, the men raising their caps and all bowing pleasantly in response to our salutes.

The telegraph operator informed us that a dispatch had been received from Mr. Bezanson, advising us that Aloha was fog-bound in Mingan Harbor but would come out as soon as possible. There had been fog even up the river during the early morning, so we were not entirely surprised at this message, but the prospect of spending a night in the fishermen's cottages did not appeal to us, and we were considerably relieved to observe only a light remnant of fog in the gulf. After waiting anxiously for about an hour, we spied the yacht's tall masts as she rounded a point of land three miles or more to the eastward, and in a few minutes the familiar hull hove in sight.

Upon the arrival of the launch, Arthur invited the members of Chambers' family, with some of their friends, to come out in a fishing-boat to see Aloha. Accordingly, after our party had boarded the launch, we took the other boat in tow and bidding good-bye to our guides, headed for the yacht. Fortunately the tide was high with very little sea on the bar. The boat towing astern acted as a drag, reducing our speed, so that the launch took the waves gently and we were not soaked with spray. This bar, by the way, is very dangerous to cross with a fresh wind on shore at low water. Mr. Hill there lost a fine launch loaded with salmon, and two of his crew were thrown overboard, their rescue being effected with great difficulty.

Mr. Bezanson reported that he found in Mingan a very pretty harbor and a perfect refuge in all weathers. Among the objects of interest there was a station of the Marconi system of wireless telegraphy and of the Hudson Bay Company; also a wrecked steamship of the Allen Line, which had gone ashore a week or two previously.

Our sailors had tried fishing for cod, without success. Then several of them went duck-shooting with Indian guides and had plenty of sport, securing about fifty black ducks and some plover. During the excitement of hunting, the mate, Mr. O'Brien, stood up in his canoe, promptly capsizing it; if assistance had not been close at hand it is quite likely that we should have gone home minus his services.

About the commencement of the first watch we were under way on our return voyage; the night promised to be foggy, and a light head wind hardly warranted the labor of making sail. The familiar hum of the blower continued all the evening and we plowed along through the fog, Aloha's hoarse whistle sounding at about two-minute intervals until we were a little south of Anticosti, when the fog lifted.

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CHAPTER IV

GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE

AUGUST 25TH.—A superb day, bright, clear and deliciously cool. Looking out of my port upon rising I found that we were again off the limestone cliffs of Cape Gaspé, and at breakfast time passed close enough to Percé Rock to photograph it.

Under a light northwest wind, with all sails set, the yacht made fair progress. About noon the sky became overcast, the wind hauled to the eastward, gradually becoming northeast, so we doused our square-sails and resumed steaming under natural draught. Before nightfall we had several light rain squalls, and fog banks all about us betokened a disagreeable night. Soon after sunset it settled down like the smoke from Mt. Pelé, our speed was reduced and it was decided to sound. The patent sounding-machine was started, and the first finding, indicating only five fathoms of water, nearly unsettled Mr. Bezanson's reason. He sprinted up the bridge steps and signaled to the engineer to go astern full speed. Orders were given to heave the hand lead, which showed twelve fathoms, and Bezanson recovered his breath and composure. He had feared for a moment that a mistake in reckoning might have brought us in dangerous proximity to a reef on the New Brunswick coast, which, it was thought we had passed a short time before. His feeling of relief was somewhat offset by resentment against the sounding-machine for playing such a trick.

We were now well within the Straits of Northumberland, and as the fog continued, it was decided to anchor for the night; repeated castings of the lead showing almost uniform depth, our headway was stopped and the starboard hook let go.

TUESDAY, AUG. 26TH.—By the time our indolent cabin passengers put in an appearance, every vestige of fog had disappeared. I am tired of telling about bright mornings, but here was another;

and though the tale be wearisome, the morning itself was not. We were once more under steam and running eastwardly through the straits on the Prince Edward Island side, the coast of which in the western part is rather low, jutting out at short intervals in long points, many of which are provided with lighthouses.

The ship's carpenter improvised a shuffleboard outfit, and we took advantage of the smooth water to play many exciting matches on deck. Backgammon has become a craze and cribbage is a close second in popularity. At three o'clock in the afternoon the inviting harbor of Charlottetown opened before us, and an hour later we were lying at anchor off the town which is the most important on Prince Edward Island. There were quite a number of large sailing vessels in the harbor, and at the wharves were moored several steamers, among them one with a prow designed to crush the ice and force a passage through the frozen straits in winter. We could see the tops of several large buildings evidently located near the center of the city; the tall spires of the Catholic cathedral were conspicuous on the skyline; while at the south end, close to the shore, Government House is situated in a park of considerable size, where it commands a most attractive view.

The Prince Edward Island Railway has a terminal on one of the wharves, which facilitates the transfer of freight to and from vessels. The road runs almost the entire length of the island and has several branches which bring all the settlements into communication. The island is about the only really fertile spot in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, due in part to its climate, which is much milder than that of other Canadian provinces. To its neighbors, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, it supplies vegetables, fruit and other products. The raising of poultry is a large industry, and the dealer from whom we purchased a supply of eggs apologized for charging us fourteen cents per dozen, excusing himself for asking what he evidently considered an exorbitant price by saying that the market for eggs had advanced, owing to the unusually heavy demand for export to Europe.

While on shore I succeeded in finding a commodious but antiquated barouche, in which our entire party, except Arthur who

had some errands to discharge, was driven about the town, out along the shore drive, from which one may enjoy many pretty views of the bay, and through the park near which many of the better-class residences are located. The park itself is distinguished rather for its natural beauties than for cultivation or ornamentation. It is little more than a grove of handsome trees, principally fir, through which some narrow winding roads have been cut. There is one cleared space devoted to tennis courts, near which stands a small club-house.

The pleasure of our drive was somewhat marred by the unpleasant discovery that there were other passengers in the vehicle besides ourselves. They were not conspicuously visible but made their presence felt unmistakably, and forcibly suggested traveling in Italy. A horribly dirty and dilapidated fur rug in the bottom of the carriage was apparently used by them as a sort of ambush, from which they made sorties upon unwary ankles, and I shall never forget the expression of pained surprise on the faces of my companions when they first became cognizant of this "low-down" attack. After a hurried parley, I was detailed to dislodge the enemy or rather remove its fortress bodily.

On the way back we passed the Cathedral but did not find the architecture particularly attractive, nor did we have time to explore the interior. The City Hall and Post-office are substantial and rather imposing buildings, constructed of limestone. They stand upon a square of considerable size, in the heart of the business section.

Much to the regret of our party, Will Scoville finds that his engagements in Hampton make it imperative for him to desert the ship here, and to-morrow morning he is to bid us farewell to return by rail. We have pleaded with and abused him in turn in a vain endeavor to divert him from the path of duty, but he has altogether too much of the old-fashioned spirit of stubborn virtue, inherited from his Puritan forefathers and fostered by training in that Congregational institution of his native State, known as Yale University. We shall mourn his loss, but, thank goodness, Ouisel is to remain with us.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 27TH.—Billy stuck to his resolution and took his departure just before colors this morning.

The chief engineer reports that our supply of coal is diminishing rapidly, as light or unfavorable winds have made much steaming necessary. It is just possible that we may succeed in obtaining some in the vicinity of Port Hawkesbury, but that is doubtful, and we must economize for the present. During the early morning the wind had piped up merrily from west southwest and promised a good day's run, but, as is sometimes the case with the makers of other promises, the wind petered out in its performance, and we were hardly clear of the bay before it began to slacken. It diminished rapidly, until our patent log became too much disgusted to register our progress, which was scarcely two or three knots an hour. We have become accomplished loafers. It is so easy, after a few days of sailing on smooth water, merely to lie on deck, basking in the sun by day or looking up at the stars at night, and give one's faculties leave of absence. This is an ideal day for such mental torpor and we are making the most of it.

Arthur bestirred himself sufficiently now and then to glare at the horizon and mutter at the treacherous breeze, which was now mostly vertical. Each time he did so, however, he declared that Aloha was a sailing-vessel, that he would like to tear the engine out of her so he could never be tempted to steam, and, finally, that we could not afford steam to-day anyway. So we drifted along for several hours more, the sails hanging languidly much of the time, but occasionally swelling slightly when caught by a vagrant puff.

At four p. m. the ship's log showed that we had covered only twenty-four miles. There was no sign of wind from any quarter and our skipper's patience became exhausted. After another conference with the chief engineer, the order was given to "get steam," the sails were clewed up and furled, and in less than an hour our auxiliary power was again demonstrating its value.

One more precious, if uneventful, day of our cruise has slipped away, and, after our usual evening round of games and music in the saloon, we have separated for the night. All have sought

their cabins save Arthur, who has the middle watch to-night and is now drinking coffee, in preparation for his vigil.

THURSDAY, AUG. 28TH.—At daybreak we had passed out of the straits and at six bells were re-entering the Gut of Canso, bringing to an end our cruise in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. We have been singularly fortunate in dodging its storms which are celebrated for their fierceness, and in our comparative immunity from fogs, which are usually encountered there and frequently last a week or more.

Mr. Bezanson lost no time in getting ashore at Port Hawkesbury in search of coal, returning in about half an hour with the news that, while an adequate supply was unobtainable at either Port Hawkesbury or Port Mulgrave, we could secure an abundance at Little Canso, a town about twenty-five miles down the Nova Scotian coast. This good news was supplemented by the announcement that Captain Philpot had kindly volunteered to accompany us thither and pilot Aloha into the harbor.

Effecting an entrance into Little Canso harbor from the north for a vessel of Aloha's size and draught is a delicate and difficult feat, even with an experienced pilot. The channel is extremely narrow and tortuous, with dangerous reefs on both sides. Happily Aloha responds promptly to her helm, and under Captain Philpot's careful pilotage the yacht traversed the passage without accident, and by two bells in the afternoon had warped into a berth alongside the wharf.

While coaling we had the opportunity of visiting the Mackay-Bennett cable station, about three miles distant. Accordingly two ancient and rickety conveyances, which by courtesy, I may call carriages, were engaged. Passing through a large throng of curious spectators, who had come down to inspect Aloha, we made our way to the aforesaid vehicles and took our seats in them, with some misgivings as to the safety of our limbs. Each trap was drawn by a venerable and low-spirited nag, which apparently appreciated the frailty of the equipages, and considerately declined to be urged to a gait which might invite a collapse similar to that of the wonderful "one-horse chaise."

The road led over a long hill, from which we enjoyed a good topographical view of the northerly end of Nova Scotia. The Atlantic Ocean is plainly visible on the southeast, with Chedebucto Bay on the north and west. A group of small islands and reefs lies off this extremity of the peninsula, and it was through one of the channels dividing them that Aloha made her way into Little Canso harbor. Near by and to the southeast of us lay a pretty lake two or three miles in length. The shore is thickly covered with the inevitable fir-tree, which grows in equal luxuriance on several islands in the lake.

The cable station is located in a small residence settlement known as Hazel Hill, and, contrary to my expection, is several miles back from the sea. It is a substantial two-story building of brick, with ornately arched entrance and windows. We were received most cordially by the manager, who readily consented to show us through the various departments, and patiently explained the workings of the wonderfully ingenious and mechanically perfect instruments which have done so much for the world's progress. The main office, where dispatches are sent and received, is a spacious, well-lighted and ventilated room, and some thirty operators were busily engaged either at keys or in typewriting translations of the funny little pulsations recorded in ink by the receiving instruments. One very complex machine was automatically receiving quotations from No. 20 Broad Street, New York, and without any assistance, transmitting them over the Irish cable. We were next escorted to the cellar, where the various cables enter the building, each one of which terminates in a locker bearing the name of the place at the other end. Sections of cable, showing their construction, were exhibited, besides the great batteries which supply the electric current.

For our amusement, a message was cabled to Ireland, informing the Hibernian office that our party was paying a visit to Little Canso, and in a few minutes a complimentary reply was received, which translated, is as follows: "Greeting to Mr. James and party! Welcome to Little Canso, that Elysium of delight!" The last being a hit at the bleak wind-swept spot, which many a homesick clerk longs to desert.

On our return to the dock, we noticed many bales of water-soaked jute lying on the wharf, and were informed that they were part of the cargo of a German freighter which had hopelessly stranded on a reef a few miles down the coast, and that a large portion of the Little Canso population is now engaged in rescuing the contents of the vessel. The catastrophe is another instance of a navigator's faulty reckoning in fog, and forcibly illustrates the peril to ships in this part of the Atlantic seaboard.

At length the last basketful of coal was stored, and as our skipper was anxious to get out of the tiny harbor in which the channel is only just wide enough to permit Aloha to turn on her heel, hawsers were taken aboard and we steamed out toward the eastern mouth of the harbor, the faithful Philpot still directing our course. When we were finally clear of the jagged, lowering reefs which even in the smooth water of this calm afternoon were terrifying to behold, some of which we were compelled to pass within a short cable's length, we regretfully said farewell to Captain Philpot.

CHAPTER V

IN FAMILIAR WATERS

The first dog-watch was nearing its end, when our good ship once more glided into the waters of the open Atlantic and headed off shore to get a good offing before straightening out on her course down the coast. We were now bound for Bar Harbor, which we can hardly hope to reach in less than two days under favorable conditions, and if we depend upon sail alone, may be out indefinitely, as the rapidly failing wind gives evidence of approaching dissolution. Aloha was still under steam, when our attention was attracted to a steam brigantine yacht heading southwest, perhaps a couple of miles away. Even at this distance we promptly descried in her an old friend, the Elsa, of the Philadelphia Corinthian Yacht Club and the property of Captain Dick. Her people evidently recognized Aloha at about the same time, for presently she came about and headed directly for us. In fifteen or twenty minutes we were within hailing distance and exchanging megaphonic greetings with Mr. Dick. The latter informed us that he and his guests were returning from Newfoundland, where they had killed seventeen caribou, a statement which we were inclined to regard as Pickwickian, if not Munchausenesque. We were confirmed in this impression by the merry burst of laughter from the gay party of men and women grouped on Elsa's bridge. The two captains continued for several minutes to bombard each other with good-natured banter. After farewell salutes, Elsa saucily described a complete circle about us, just to demonstrate her superior power of locomotion under steam, stood off again on her homeward course and proceeded to drop us astern, although very slowly, as we were now under forced draught and kept Elsa's lights in sight for several hours. The episode was a very enjoyable one, as meeting friends on the high seas is always a pleasure and made

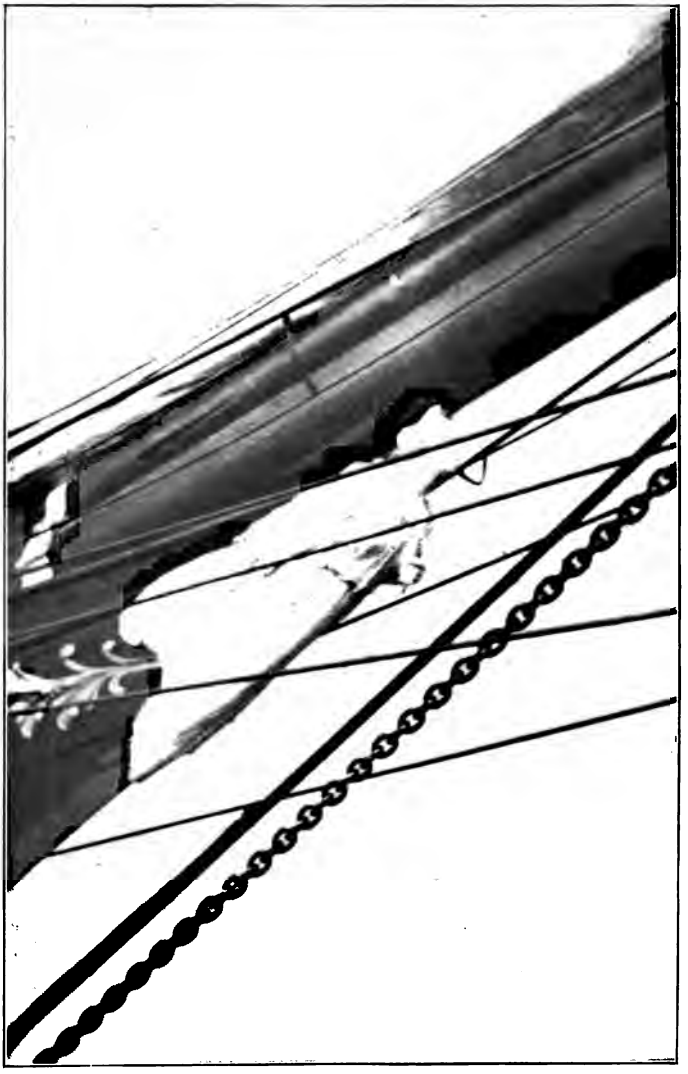
us feel for a brief time that we were not so "far from the Bowery," as our reckoning indicated. This evening we reclined on the after deck, supported by soft cushions and well wrapped in rugs, though the night is comparatively mild; the stars are shining brightly and we amuse ourselves trying to identify the coast lights. The sandman is now making his rounds, so I follow the example of my companions and seek my berth.

FRIDAY, AUG. 29TH.—This has been another coal-consuming day, with hardly a breath of wind. There has been at no time the slightest encouragement to show canvas, and we have plowed along under natural draught over a perfectly smooth sea, with only a moderate swell to affect the accuracy of our shuffle-board shots.

Halifax was abeam by noon but too far distant for us to distinguish objects in the harbor.

We passed through a large school of porpoise, which apparently found Aloha's shining sides attractive and romped along with us for several miles. Mr. O'Brien, the mate, decided to try harpooning one, but by the time he had got his lance from the lazaret and attached a line to it, the "sea pigs" apparently divined his purpose and sheered off. During the evening another school capered about us and their every movement could be followed as they swam gracefully alongside, their plump forms brilliantly outlined in phosphorescence.

SATURDAY, AUG. 30TH.—Aloha's propeller has churned steadly through the night and early this morning we were again on the banks south of Cape Sable. A short time before breakfast we fell in with a fishing schooner at anchor, her crew of nine men engaged in hauling in codfish as fast as they could manipulate their tackle. At the steward's suggestion, Mr. Bezanson hailed the schooner and offered to buy some fish. Receiving a favorable response, we hove to while the fisherman sent a boat alongside, and presently three dozen splendid cod were wriggling in baskets on our deck. The fishermen were apparently well pleased with their sale and assured us they were having fine luck, having caught over six hundred cod since daybreak.



OUR LOOKOUT

This voyage is breaking all records for fine weather and if it were not delightfully cool, Aloha's top sides would be blistering for lack of immersion.

If we do not run into fog and can hold our present gait, Arthur calculates we shall arrive at the entrance to Bar Harbor before morning, so our cruise in Canadian waters is practically concluded. Would it were beginning!

SUNDAY, AUG. 31ST.—Our skipper's forecast was verified, and long before we arose this morning, Aloha was riding at anchor with a good-sized fleet of sister yachts in Bar Harbor.

At breakfast plans for the day were discussed and we decided to attend church on shore. By four bells the girls, attired in their shore toggery, were on deck. Arthur and I actually exchanged flannels for "b'iled shirts."

The service was conducted by Father Huntington of the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, New York. He is very ritualistic, wears a sort of monk's gown with cowl attached and a chain with a large pendent cross. He preached an eloquent and impassioned sermon.

The weather on shore was piping hot for Bar Harbor, so we did not linger long after service and were glad to get back to the cool shade of the awnings on Aloha's breeze-swept decks.

In the afternoon I took advantage of the bright sunlight and photographed the yacht; one of the men rowed me near the bow in the dingy, and I hope a snapshot at the figure-head may preserve a good likeness of this graceful lady.

This evening several of us went over to Wacouta, Mr. James J. Hill's steam yacht, to pay our party call in recognition of his courtesy in lending us his camp.

MONDAY, SEPT. 1ST.—Yesterday's southeasterly wind continues this morning, this time bringing its favorite playmates, the fog banks. In they roll from the ocean, now completely enveloping us and then momentarily giving us a glimpse of objects in the harbor, only to settle down thicker than ever. As the sun's rays approached the vertical, the fog thinned a bit about our anchorage,

though heavy banks still hid the islands of the outer harbor. There was to be a yacht race, and by four bells a fleet of perhaps twenty-five boats, all under fifty feet and including a fine class of thirty-footers, was tacking about near the starting-line. The committee naturally hesitated at signaling a start in such thick weather but as the conditions showed no signs of improvement and several plucky skippers had expressed eagerness to race anyway, the preparatory and starting whistles were blown and away the fleet went, close-hauled, for the first mark. How they are to find it and the others in this atmospheric porridge is beyond my amateurish knowledge to say, but the skippers and crews in to-day's race are all professionals and former fishermen, who possess almost superhuman powers in navigation.

The fog continued throughout the afternoon, keeping us in harbor, but during a temporary rift the steam yacht May, owned by Commodore Van Rensselaer, of the Philadelphia Corinthian Yacht Club, worked her way into the harbor and anchored beside us. Salutes were exchanged and in a few minutes a launch from the May came alongside, bearing a note, inviting us to dine on board. We regretted, as we expect to have Mr. and Mrs. Macy and Dr. Alderman, of Tulane University, on Aloha.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 2D.—The earth continued to revolve during the night and morning arrived on schedule time.

About eleven o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Macy came on board from their launch, and much to our satisfaction, brought the former's luggage. We tried hard to prevail upon Mrs. Macy to come also but in vain; other engagements and duties preventing.

Twenty minutes later farewells were said, Mrs Macy re-entered her launch, and we were heading out to sea, homeward bound. The breeze, fairly fresh from southeast, was ahead; the fog still lingered, though not quite so dense as yesterday.

On our way out we passed quite close to a couple of coasting schooners, whose topsails were visible above the fog, which hung low, and it was some time before we could make out their clumsy hulls. Soon afterward steam was shut off and, close-hauled, the yacht's course was laid about east by south and we gradually

worked off shore. There is quite a little sea running, and the faces of some of our party begin to wear an expression of preoccupation. They are still holding their own, however.

Our new shipmate is an adept at all kinds of games and just the sort of man for a cruise. We have played everything we know, and the afternoon and evening have fairly flown away. We are running out of the fog and hope for a fair day tomorrow.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 3D.—This morning we were well out at sea, with only a few distant vessels in sight. Two of them were large ocean steamships, bound east and making fast time, long streaks of black smoke trailing from their funnels.

According to the log, we have not made much of a run during the night, but as the weather looks unsettled, we have decided to hustle a bit and get in out of any possible wet, so now we are steaming full tilt again under forced draught. Arthur, Mr. Bezanson and the other old salts are cocking their eyes to windward and apparently feel that a storm is brewing, though perfectly confident in stanch Aloha's ability to ride out any sort of a gale.

Toward evening we were approaching the Massachusetts coast, and about six bells Nauset, the first of several lights on Cape Cod, became visible on our starboard beam. Two hours later we were threading the narrow sharply turning channel among the shoals, steering accurate compass courses through the reaches from light to light, and keeping a sharp lookout for other vessels.

The night was pitch-dark, and the anxious lookout in the bows was apparently suffering from overstrained vision. Several times he startled the officers on the bridge by reporting colored lights ahead, which no one else could distinguish, and which were in all probability non-existent outside of his imagination.

About eight bells, we were congratulating ourselves on being nearly across the shoals, when suddenly the light on Cape Pogue, from which we were taking frequent bearings, and which had been showing brightly for twenty minutes, was shut out; we at once suspected—what proved to be the case—that a fog was

making in from the sea. The ship was almost immediately slowed down and after waiting a bit to see if the atmosphere showed any sign of clearing, the helm was put to starboard and we hauled over to the south side of the channel, preparatory to anchoring. A few casts of the lead showed decreasing depth and the anchor was let go in about nine fathoms of water.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 4TH.—At dawn we were under way again, heading for Vineyard Haven for shelter, as it was blowing a gale and still thick. As usual during a storm, this harbor was filled with craft of every description, including many well-known yachts whose trim appearance was in marked contrast to that of the lumbering coasting schooners and heavily laden barges which were their near neighbors. Nearly all were weather-bound and merely waiting for signs of clearing to proceed. Aloha stood well into the harbor before coming to anchor, choosing a berth near that of the new three-masted schooner-yacht Shenandoah. The girls made an excursion to Cottage City, spent every cent of their joint capital (one dollar), and returned to the yacht-landing in debt to a hackman, from which financial plight they were gallantly rescued by Arthur.

Before going ashore we received a call from Mr. Fahnestock, his son and two boy companions. They were accompanied by Shenandoah's sailing master, a powerfully built fair-haired Russian, who was formerly in Arthur's service. He began before the mast on Coronet, worked up through the positions of quartermaster, boatswain and mate, by ability and force of character, supplemented by a course in navigation. He is the ideal sailor in appearance, with a frank, open face and a florid complexion, and is wonderfully agile, though of stocky frame. His English is a trifle nicked, and he has an accent that, without knowing his origin, I should call German. He naturally entertains the warmest friendship and admiration for his former employer, who still feels an interest in him.

At lunch time we were treated to a smart thunder-shower, opinion being divided as to whether it would be followed by clearing or worse weather. It took all the afternoon to settle the

question, but just about sunset the wind worked around to the northwest and when lights were displayed, they twinkled brightly, showing that the moist atmosphere was giving way to clearer air. By one bell, to our great delight, the stars were out and the sailors bustling about the decks, making ready for our departure. Hardly another vessel showed any signs of leaving to-night and nearly the entire fleet still lay outside of us, so closely grouped that it looked a very ticklish job to attempt to get through them in the dark. But our captain was apparently not impressed by the difficulties, and under one bell Aloha headed out of the harbor. We passed through some pretty narrow spaces but cleared everything beautifully, then giving West Chop a good berth, laid a course for Vineyard Sound Lightship. To any real yachtsman, navigation at night is perfectly fascinating, and a clever piece of seamanship, such as I had just witnessed, appeals irresistibly to his admiration.

The night was superb, and I could not induce myself to leave the bridge until we had run out of Vineyard Sound, which was after two bells in the middle watch. Before going to sleep I realized that we were in the open ocean and had jumped into a cross sea which jolted us vigorously. Fortunately, our sails are drawing like horses and steady the ship considerably.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 5TH.—A mixture of exhilaration and depression describes my state of mind this morning. A clear, cool atmosphere, laden with stimulating ozone, the brightest of blue skies, white-capped waves over which sunbeams trip, and Aloha mad with the joy of it all and frothing at the mouth as she tears along—these and many other things account for the element of exhilaration. On the other hand, this splendid speed means our almost certain arrival at Oyster Bay before nightfall and the termination of the cruise. This thought is responsible for the element of depression. However, life is not entirely made up of beer and skittles and yachting cruises, though I must admit I am having my fair share of the last.

Shortly before breakfast we were passing to the south of Fisher's Island, and on our port hand the fortifications on Little

Gull Island were easily distinguishable. Once more in the familiar waters of Long Island Sound, we recognized every landmark, and the morning passed all too rapidly. By eight bells in the afternoon Huntington Light was abeam, and our attention was drawn to a fleet of small racing yachts off the entrance of Oyster Bay. This recalled to my mind that the annual fall race of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club was scheduled for today, and as we approached nearer we made out the familiar burgees on the Committee tug and stake boat. As Aloha swept by the former, the judges waved greetings, to which we responded; continuing on our way up Cold Spring harbor, past Fort Hill and rounding the lighthouse, we glided into dear old Seawanhaka harbor where the flagship's anchor gave a hearty grip to the familiar mud bottom and my duty as chronicler of the events of this cruise came to an end. But before the word "finis" is appended to this journal, I crave the privilege of inserting a word or two of thanks to our host and hostess.

For almost a solid month we have breathed an air laden with ozone and led a life of the most healthful character, the effects of which will in all probability be cumulative and provide us with a store of energy that will enable us to resume the discharge of our life duties with unusual vigor.

May Aloha make many more such fair voyages, accompanied, if her brave skipper will, by a little more ethereal agitation. May our hosts and their guests return from each one benefited as we have been, and with the affectionate significance of the name of their gallant ship impressed upon their hearts as it is upon ours.

ALOHA—love, greeting and good-bye.

Part III

NORTHERN LATITUDES

July 22d to October 9th, 1903

From the Journals of

S. N. W., V. A. & A. P. A.

All Aboard for Iceland

CHAPTER I

OFF SHORE AGAIN

JULY 22D, 1903.—Three years have passed since Aloha's first friends trusted themselves to her tender care, and with her sailed away to seas unknown. Now again a distant journey is to be undertaken, and there is on board the stir of preparation for a summer cruise into northern seas, a contrast indeed for Aloha, who, on that first trip, set out for the Mediterranean and the sunny isles of Greece.

As we sail away from our familiar anchorage at East 23d Street, our dear friend Lavrock steams close by our side, carrying loyal hearts to bid us Godspeed. Kind indeed are they, to embark on so unpropitious a day, but Aloha is not a fair-weather boat and must be prepared for all that blows. The Captain, Mrs. Captain, Doctor Adriance, Peter Alvord and Sallie Whitney are all on deck—friends already, not uncertain whether we shall be such—each filled with anticipation for all that the summer may have to offer.

As the wind freshens, no one is surprised to see good-bye signals hoisted on Lavrock, and we wave farewell as she wishes us a pleasant voyage.

Looking toward the Narrows, banks of fog come rolling in from the sea, and this alone induces our Captain to say that we may postpone going out until later in the day. Cries of "All out for Iceland!" "Iceland first stop!" are welcome sounds, and congratulations follow on a quick and prosperous voyage.

The clouds lift after a little, and Aloha is once more under way down the Bay. Sandy Hook Lightship is soon passed and we sail out on the broad Atlantic.

There was a decided contrast between its businesslike rollers and the toy ones of the harbor. They looked blacker, higher, thicker, heavier, statelier and so much more real. Aloha took to

them like a duck to water and rode them *not* like a race horse, a humping camel or a cumbersome elephant, but like a regular seagoing ship with all the graceful tricks of her trade. There were no sudden jerks or halts in any of the pirouettes which she danced on the crests of the waves, but it was with stately and steady progress that we gradually passed Fire Island Lightship, headed on our easterly course toward the Gulf Stream and out of sight of land. Before night the majority had had their first discomforts from *mal de mer*, and after a restless sleep awakened to find Aloha rolling on an uneasy sea, unsteadied by anything but a light breeze. In spite of the discomforts of seasickness, the boat kept on her course, and the usual events of a day at sea could be recorded, for the crew were busy all day, and toward evening the engines were started on account of a calm. At 6 p.m. passed an Italian steamer bound for New York, which answered our signal and will undoubtedly report us, so that friends will see some notice of our whereabouts.

JULY 24TH.—Struck the tail end of a West Indian hurricane and were hove to most of the day, passing through occasional rain squalls and riding a heavy sea. The wind was strong, keeping up a nasty sea, which made the ship roll badly and increased the discomforts of our company, who found it difficult to sleep. This has been rather a trying start, and we hope for yachting weather soon, when we can sit on deck and enjoy balmy breezes.

JULY 25TH.—Made three hundred miles since leaving New York. Not a very good record, but we are consoled by the beauty of the day. The sea of yesterday has not quite subsided, but the air is clear, the sky almost cloudless, and the surface of the restless ocean is flooded with warm sunshine.

To-day we held a rendezvous on deck, the pale ones beginning to eat without that careful regard of diet which they have heretofore evinced.

Illness is forgotten in the comforts of life on deck with a sun so brilliant that a parasol or the shade of the mainsail is needed. The motion of the ship is as gentle as a cradle, and the lazy slat-

ting of the canvas combines with the music of the ocean and the caress of the gentle breezes, to quiet and lull the ship's company to a condition of absolute satisfaction and repose. A radiant sunset resolved itself into a starlit evening.

> "*Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,*
> *Blossomed the lovely stars, forget-me-nots of the angels.*"

We could have stayed forever, but finally the lateness of the hour drove us below.

JULY 26TH.—An ideal day greeted the men upon going on deck for the morning bucket. The rough sea of yesterday was gone, and a cloudless blue sky and steady breeze predicted a day of fast sailing and real comfort. We were not disappointed, for with all sail set the ship made rapid time, and by noon of the 27th, had logged two hundred and fifty knots. Surely, a most satisfactory run. By this time we have become so accustomed to the pleasant monotony of life on the ocean wave, that New York seems as many hours as it is miles away, and it is hard to realize that time and space can lay their restricting hands upon us. Work is forgotten and Iceland seems the real end of our present life. Nothing can be more restful than this mode of existence, with its necessarily peaceful and contented frame of mind. One soon forgets the little unpleasant tricks of the sea, such as furniture that waltzes and glides across the saloon, a bed that seasaws as if built for that purpose, a bucking mattress which is occasionally wet by a stray wave which, as if out of spite, ferrets out the only open ventilator in your neighborhood—forgotten, yes, all too easily, in the exhilaration of fast sailing. The sailing-master greets you with a smile, the crew set new sails with enthusiasm, while all hands comment favorably on the good time we are making as we speed along toward Iceland.

JULY 28TH.—To-day is overcast, the decks are wet and we wonder if we shall get out. Soon a dry spot and the sun's smiling countenance tempt us to use our cameras, determined, if possible, although the footing is a bit insecure, to get a good

picture of the glorious waves, as we toss about. Right here I want to speak a word in praise of Aloha. To those of us who crossed to Gibraltar, in 1900, the improvement in her sea-going qualities is very noticeable. She takes the seas much more easily and in consequence is much drier in heavy weather.

"Light on the port bow!" broke in upon our game of whist about 10 p. m. It was a steamer which we spoke with the N. Y. Y. C. night signal, but she did not answer. We also saw a wreck to-day, but fortunately no lives were lost, as it was only the untimely fate of the curry and the rice, which we unwillingly witnessed.

THE WRECK OF THE CURRY.

With all due apologies to the author of another famous ballad.

We were seated in the deck-house,
And the ship was rolling free,
It was just the luncheon hour,
And we all spoke merrily.

First we had a little melon,
And it tasted mighty nice,
This was followed shortly after
By the curry and the rice.

This we found to be most tasty,
Each one took a generous share,
Then we set it on a table,
Hoped 'twould ride in safety there.

In the corner full of mischief,
Sat a yellow, sour ball,
Brought on board by our good Doctor,
Coveted by one and all.

We with eyes upon our luncheon,
Never saw what he was at,
He watched three things, laughing shyly,
The ocean, table, Jakey's hat.

Softly slipped he from his corner,
By the table took his place,
Waited till we struck a roller,
Then a smile came o'er his face.

Down he crawled beneath the table,
Squeezing himself more and more,
So there came no reverse action,
And the curry sought the floor.

With a crash it struck the carpet,
Hit the turnovers just pat,
Carried all the silver with it,
Landed safe in Jakey's hat.

Once replaced it knew no quiet,
Of swift plays there were no lack,
Doctor's cap turned pocket, as it
Carromed off de Hossan's back.

With the crashing of the china,
Lemon-drop's dark work was through,
Now he's gone with other fragments,
Out into the ocean blue.

Now once more the mainsail's drawing,
So we seek the quiet deck,
Jakey's cap now neat and laundered,
Doctor's got his head in check.

JULY 29TH.—A glorious, cool, sunshiny day greets us as we come on deck. It might have been early October, so clear and bracing was the air. A favorable wind sent us along at a good rate, but also kept the decks wet, so, reading the few books on Iceland which we have been able to find, and playing whist, we spent the morning in the deck-house.

In the afternoon, when comfortably settled on deck, there came again the cry of "Sail, ho!" At once the signals were made ready for use, and we eagerly watched the vessel approach. She proved

to be one of the Atlantic Transport Line. We gave her our name and destination, asking her to report us to the New York Herald, which she agreed to do. Another ship of the same line was sighted later, too far away to be spoken.

In the evening the after-glow tempted us on deck, and as the red light faded in the west, the new moon shed its pale radiance over the face of the waters. We watched with fascination the long silver line following us so closely, now almost coming over our stern, now sinking way below in the hollow of the waves. It was as nearly perfect as a night at sea could be.

JULY 30TH.—After sitting for some time on deck this morning, we were driven in out of the sunshine which proved too warm for comfort. There being very little motion in the afternoon, several games of shuffleboard were played, and in the evening all sat around a cozy fire for some time, ending our day with a Welsh rarebit.

Aloha has now altered her course, heading direct for Iceland, and although we saw a sail far off to the southwest, we are now entirely out of the beaten track; in all probability we will have the high seas to ourselves from now on.

JULY 31ST.—Water, water, everywhere, for it is raining hard and wet decks do not seem inviting, but with the wind directly aft we are scudding along. In the afternoon a set of oilers made one impervious to the weather, and sitting on the steps leading to the bridge, the waves dashing over the deck left one high and dry. How surprised many of our friends on shore would have been, could they have seen us in the evening, surrounded by all the comforts of home, a coal fire gleaming on the hearth, the room filled with the soft glow of the lamps.

There was so little motion, although we were still speeding rapidly toward our destination, it seemed hard to realize that we were really in mid-ocean, instead of cosily ensconced in some comfortable living-room on shore. We are now more than half-way to Iceland, having logged to-day 209 knots.

Preparing for a Blow

LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

AUG. 1ST.—Foggy. Kept the fog-horn blowing at intervals. Wind continues fresh from southwest. The sea is a little rough, but as long as we are running with it and making good time, we do not object. Logged 213 knots.

AUG. 2D TO AUG. 7TH.—Sunday. Beautiful sunshiny day, inviting life on deck. Service at 4 p. m., twenty-six attending. We are headed N. N. E., making straight for Iceland, the northing carrying us into colder regions. The open fire in the saloon has been very comfortable for some days, but to-day is particularly agreeable. The wind was light at dusk, and as the storage batteries of the electric light were rather low, and there was coal to burn, Jake had the engines started, in order to kill two birds with one stone. Having left New York later than we had anticipated, we now hated to see any opportunity wasted for catching up with schedule time. Within two hours a freshening breeze from the northwest proved the screw quite useless, and put her out of business.

The daylight now lasts much longer, and as, wrapped up in a long heavy ulster, I. stood by the wheel last night at nine o'clock, I could easily have read a newspaper, although scudding rain-clouds were flying across the sky. We were somewhat surprised this afternoon to pass a steamer, having thought ourselves well to the northward of their courses. It was, undoubtedly, a Canadian liner bound for Montreal through the Straits of Belle Isle. She was jumping into a head sea, but making very good weather of it. I have no doubt that the interest she aroused was more than reciprocated, and can imagine the speculation and excitement we created among her passengers, as they saw us tossing in the stormy gale. We must have made a fine picture heeled far over under double-reefed mainsail, main and forestaysail, foresail and lower topsail.

As we get further to the northward, we notice every day a change in the aspect of sea and sky. The air is as cold and bracing as an October day, and the ocean has a chill and wintry look. The constantly increasing length of the days produces strange

effects of light and shadow during the long twilights, and the line of demarkation between day and night seems to become more and more uncertain.

Last night at 11:30 the moon could be seen at intervals through breaks in the fast-moving clouds in the eastern sky, while the soft twilight glow of the setting sun was painting the western horizon in golden tints. The wind has been gradually veering into the northeast, and now, Friday, August 7th, is blowing half a gale. As this is our first taste of headwind since leaving, we really have no cause for complaint. Our run so far has been extraordinary. Had Aloha been bound for Southampton the trip would have been made in fourteen days.

We are about 180 miles off Reykiavik harbor, and it seems too bad that the elements should so disappoint us after our phenomenal run. A few days ago it seemed almost impossible that anything could delay our progress. With steam and sail we start beating to windward. It is very cold on deck.

AUG. 8TH.—Sighted the snow capped peak of Snaefelsjokull, and soon other peaks appeared on the horizon. By ten o'clock at night the light on the point was sighted, and our course laid north, along the cape; but the wind was too strong to make port, and we waited during the short night till the morning of August 9th.

SUNDAY, AUG. 9TH.—After two days of driving into the teeth of a northeasterly gale, we made harbor this morning at Reykiavik, glad enough to get in after our buffeting in the face of a gale, which brought with it the breath of arctic icefields. Steaming slowly to our anchorage off the town, at eight o'clock, we dropped into a berth between the Danish gunboat and a steamer. The gale still continues with unabated fury, and all are glad to be riding quietly out of its reach, once more on an even keel after eighteen days at sea. Even the bare mountains, with their patches of snow, and the straggling town stretched along the curve of the bay, look inviting after our long voyage. The

band on board the gunboat saluted us with Sousa's "Stars and Stripes Forever," which was a very pretty compliment.

The entrance to Reykiavik is somewhat blind; the buoy, about the size of a broomstick, is not readily found, and the island and point can easily be confused by one not knowing the landmarks. The position is made the more embarrassing by the fact that some strange freak of magnetism so affects the compasses that they are useless, often being out two points. To one unaccustomed to navigating in these waters, caution is quite necessary. The Aloha's log showed 2,455 knots under sail; 422 knots under steam. The entire distance, 2,877 knots was covered in seventeen and one-half days, making a daily average of 164.4 knots, and an hourly average of 6.85 knots.

CHAPTER II

REYKIAVIK AND THINGVALLIR

On the east shore of the harbor lies the little town of Reykiavik, containing many small houses clustered together, up and down two long streets and centered about a square, whose only adornment is a statue of Thorwaldsen. On one side of the square stands the House of Parliament, and on the other the Bank of Iceland, the two most important structures on the island. Many of the houses are of a grayish-blue color, which we find upon closer inspection, to be built of corrugated iron. Some are of wood and some of stucco, but the iron predominates, sometimes painted, often unadorned. In many of the windows bright flowers are growing.

At noon we made our way to the Lutheran Church, where the service was, of course, in Icelandic. After listening to the opening part, we quietly slipped out before the sermon, feeling convinced that we should not be able to follow the preacher's trend of thought in his native tongue. The church, which is quite the most pretentious in the island, is a plain wooden affair, with little attempt at decoration; there were about one hundred people present. The bishop entered, dressed in his cassock, wearing a stiff white ruff about his neck. His robe shirred full at the throat and with full sleeves, together with a chasuble, was then placed about his shoulders by the verger, while within the altar rail. Although not understanding the language, we realized that the service in Iceland was the direct opposite of ours; the congregation standing through the reading of the lessons and remaining seated during the chants. There has been built in Reykiavik within the last three or four years a small Catholic chapel, but with this exception the churches are universally Lutheran throughout the island.

PLAIN OF THINGVALLIR

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The dress of the men is not unusual, but the women almost without exception wear the national headdress, which consists of a close-fitting, black skull cap with a long silken tassel hanging from its center, bound by a silver or gold ornament, the latter varying in material and workmanship with the means and social position of the wearer.

The Icelanders are evidently strict observers of Sunday, as the entire town was very quiet and orderly, even the water-front being deserted, except for a few straggling fishermen dressed in their best clothes. When we embarked they crowded about, apparently much interested, but unable, so far as we could tell, to exchange one word with us.

A walk around the town revealed no large houses, and there were no shops where anything especially Icelandic, or of any great value, could be purchased.

We found the northeasterly wind, which continued to blow hard, much too cold and searching to allow us to remain long on shore with comfort, and were glad to take refuge in the cosy cabin of Aloha.

In the afternoon we completed arrangements with Mr. Helgi Zoëga for a trip to Thingvallir and the Geysers, which are the points of greatest interest, within easy reach of Reykiavik. By night our camping outfit was packed and ready for us to start for Thingvallir in the morning.

From first impression there seems to be little or no actual poverty; while the native Icelanders, both men and women, bear every evidence in their appearance that the struggle with nature is a hard one, a certain sturdy independence and natural dignity is most apparent in their bearing, and the best inheritance from their ancestors. The language sounds rather harsh, but after all it is that of the sagas, and these people are the descendents of the brave vikings of renown. In fact, Reykiavik is an old town. Centuries before our country was discovered and before the period of literary growth on the continent of Europe, this nation was producing a noteworthy literature and doing valorous deeds on sea and land. These simple people have a history to be proud of, and yet, how limited is their field

of activity to-day. The sea is still the home of the men, while the women wait on shore for the ships that carry their heroes. We were told several times, in response to our inquiries, that Reykiavik has now a population of over eight thousand, but this is greatly in excess of estimates by other travelers, and we are inclined to think it somewhat overstated.

Next morning by ten o'clock we were ashore, and when we saw the complete outfit provided for our trip, I could think of nothing but a traveling circus. There were altogether twenty-eight ponies, including those attached to a little two-seated carriage. These Iceland ponies, which are the sole means of getting about the country, are hardy and tough to the last degree. The more one becomes acquainted with them the more one's respect for their many good qualities increases. In size they are about half way between a Shetland pony and our western broncho. Their natural gait is a rather short trot, well adapted to the rough mountain trails, and they should be ridden cowboy fashion, as it is well nigh impossible to rise in the saddle, even if desirable. They have long tails and heavy, shaggy manes, and I have yet to see one with an ugly trick or uncertain temper. When our forces were finally collected, we clattered out through the town to the road leading in a north-easterly direction toward Thingvallir, about thirty-five miles distant. The road is excellent—in fact, is almost the only approach to a road in the island, as everywhere else the ways are well-worn mountain trails.

Mr. Helgi Zoëga, a merchant of Reykiavik, was our guide, while Johannes Zoëga had charge of the pack-train. The latter was a regular viking of the north, with bushy whiskers, fur cap, and of energetic disposition. He rode the little pony with vim, and urged it onward with his heels, which almost met beneath the little animal's hay basket. His legs kept up a caliper-like motion, and his riding, not unlike a cossack's, was accompanied by constant cracking of the whip and shouting of "b-r-r," and "hut" to the pack-train, which he urged onward with surprising speed. The word "hut" corresponds to "get up" in our language, and is pronounced like a mixture of "hot," "hut" and "hout." At first

[illegible]

All Man's Rift

paying no attention to my admonitions, my pony at last grasped my meaning, and I began to congratulate myself that my accent was improving, when I found that the rest of the party made as rapid progress with any kind of an old shout, and de Hosson, yelling "Whoa!" at the top of his lungs, did as well as anybody else. Each one, including the guides, had a change of horses.

The country is rough lava without a sign of bush or tree, and seems to produce nothing but short grass on the sunny slopes and in the hollows. The air was cold and the wind still strong from the northeast, where we could see the distant mountains covered with snow, evidently the fall of the previous night, lending a keener edge to the breeze.

Our first impression was of a country harsh and forbidding, with little to attract the visitor, aside from the panorama of beautiful mountain scenery, which stretched away on every hand.

The exercise was exhilarating, the ponies were keen and we rattled over the hard road at an excellent pace. About noon we pulled up at a farmhouse for luncheon. This was a little galvanized-iron structure backed up against the side of a hill and surrounded by several turf-covered barns for sheep and cattle.

After a rest we mounted again, and soon half the journey completed changed horses, as under no circumstances are the ponies required to do more than half a day's work. This will serve to explain the necessity for our large cavalcade. We passed few people on the road, and saw only occasional farmhouses in the distant sheltered valleys; the green meadows and slopes were dotted with herds of grazing ponies and sheep; the wide reaches between these green spots were covered with rough, brown lava, while the distant mountain tops with their caps of snow looked cold, barren and uninviting. Helgi Zoëga proved a most interesting companion. He spoke extremely good English and we were much pleased that he consented to accompany us, something he seldom attempts, ordinarily sending his men on trips of this kind.

It was seven o'clock as we approached the plain of Thingvallir, after traveling for half an hour in sight of the magnificent lake

of the same name, which we could see stretching away for thirty miles in the distance. The rays of the declining sun falling on the green slopes of the islands and distant shores of the lake presented a superb view, and we began to be more in love with the land. All at once we came to a steep pitch in the road descending between rocky cliffs, which rise abruptly on either hand to a perpendicular height of about one hundred and sixty feet. This defile is called "All Man's Rift," and it with the plain beyond presents a most curious geological formation. Descending between these rocky walls for a quarter of a mile, we crossed a bridge over a brawling mountain stream and rode out into the plain of Thingvallir. One feels as though one were standing in the moat of some old castle, while behind tower in massive grandeur, the crumbling battlements.

Many centuries ago—how long, none can tell—some mighty volcanic upheaval took place here, the whole plain becoming a seething boiling mass of lava. Suddenly the whole mass fell in, cracking in every direction, making wonderful rifts in the solid rock, through which quiet, silvery streams now continually flow. In many places the ridges are plainly visible, where cooling, the lava stopped forever, just as it was running down the mountain to the plains.

The vital point of interest in this valley is a strip of green, about two hundred feet long and fifty wide. It is surrounded by deep rifts, so that, even after a pretty stiff climb over one or two chasms, it is impossible to gain access to the place, except where this strip of land joins the plain at a much lower level. At the highest point is a green mound, and here in olden times, the Althing or Parliament, met every other year, to make the laws by which the country should be governed.

As we stood on this same spot, just about one hundred years since the last Parliament met, and looked over toward those mighty walls, now dark and forbidding in the shadow, it was easy to understand the hardiness and fortitude of a people brought up in such surroundings, and it seemed as though Brunhilde herself, giving her wonderful cry, might at any moment appear above us

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VALHOLL

on the crags, and then descend to meet us, as we waited there on that veritable Valhalla.

The wooden structure designated by the name of hotel is one story high and about seventy-five feet long. It is called "Valholl," because that was the name of Snorra Sturleson's house, which once stood on this same spot. On entering, the traveler finds one main room, about twenty-five feet square, divided in half by a chintz curtain, behind which dining-tables are set. Benches serve for seats at the back and one end of the tables, camp-stools being placed at the other sides. Aside from one small wooden table in the front of the hall, this was all the furniture of which the hotel could boast. Doors at each end of the main room led into wings, each divided by a hall down the center, opening into six rooms, three on a side, about six by four feet in size, and furnished with two bunks, one over the other. The bunks of board covered with felt were quite clean and had plenty of blankets, impossible to tuck in, but the weary traveler could rest comfortably, unless disturbed by late comers; the partitions were only eight feet high, and each word and step could be heard. A remark at dawn, "Take up your felt and walk," seemed quite to fit the occasion.

The men of the party left us Tuesday morning for the geysers. We would like to have gone with them, but the length of the ride and the impossibility of using an Icelandic saddle prevented us. In the end we were glad we had remained, for we should have missed a most interesting day.

The morning was spent in taking pictures and the afternoon in the saddle. Starting out with the cameras, we began climbing up over the lava toward the rocky wall, which rose straight up for about one hundred feet, directly in front of the hotel. A waterfall coming over the top of the wall was seen for some feet, then disappeared from view; so we made our way cautiously toward it, not knowing what surprise awaited us. On reaching the top, we found ourselves on the brink of a rift, fifty feet or so in width, the bottom covered with a velvety green turf, except in the center, where the stream made by the waterfall danced away

over the stones, to join the waters of the Thingvallir lake, about a mile distant.

Retracing our steps along the top of the rift, we finally came to a place, where, with careful maneuvering, to guard our precious cameras, it was possible to climb down to the bottom of the chasm. Here everything was damp and dark in the deep shadow, caused by the high wall of rock, and more than ever one felt as though in some old castle moat, from which the water had been so recently withdrawn that the rocks were still damp.

Climbing out again and descending to the lower level, we made our way once more to the Althing. With the high wall on our right hand we faced a valley leading to the beautiful Thingvallir water. About a mile away stood the picturesque little Thingvallir church and some farms with sod covered huts, which, with the deep blue lake and the haze-encircled mountains coming down to the very water's edge, made a picture perfect and satisfying.

On our left and far away, more of the wall which nearly encircles this valley was visible, and beyond this and also behind us rose the high mountains, while back of them the top of a glacier could occasionally be seen.

We returned to the hotel for luncheon; then, as it was raining, donned oilskins and feeling absolutely impervious to the weather, climbed into our so-called saddles and started for the mountains.

The Iceland ponies seem to be as sure-footed as any of our Western cayuses, and we soon felt perfect confidence in them. As they picked their way carefully along, we realized that we were traversing a plain composed absolutely of molten lava, which had cooled into innumerable queer shapes and was full of fissures and ridges. It was almost entirely covered with gray moss and the ponies' feet left no trace. No one could have followed our tracks, and there was no trail to aid our guide; yet so good was his judgment and so keen his eye for picking out the best place, that he took us almost exactly to where fissures could best

be crossed and streams most easily forded, although he had never been by that same route before.

It soon began to rain hard and although the wind was cold, our short spurts across the open places helped to keep us warm. On we went toward the mountain enclosing the upper end of the valley. It seemed to be composed entirely of lava, which would not permit a pony to scale its scarred and seamed face; but one side, where it joined the plain at a less steep angle, boasted a covering of green, and here we thought our sturdy little beasts might find foothold.

Winding upward, we reached the top in safety, and a wonderful view lay before us. We realized how much the plain just crossed resembled a caldron — the high rocky walls all about shutting it off entirely from the rest of the plain, resembling the sides of the pot, while the ridge on which we stood could have answered for the handle. When this same caldron was filled with molten lava and sulphurous flames, what a fearful sight it must have been! Hard even to picture such a scene to ourselves to-day, when everything is quiet and peaceful, the sheep grazing on the plain, and far away the little church keeping watch over the now silent valley.

We were at this time so high up on the ridge that we could see over into the next valley. It was very beautiful, surrounded by high mountains with a large glacier visible beyond. Though sorely tempted to go on a bit further, knowing there was a long ride before us, we felt compelled to return to Valholl. Recrossing the plain, we now sought the higher level, climbed to the second plateau above the wall, and, where the ground permitted, sent our ponies along at a fairly good pace.

After riding about an hour, sometimes picking our way very carefully, sometimes splashing through swift-flowing streams, we turned sharply to the left toward the wall, expecting every minute to stand on the brink of the chasm through which flowed the stream we had photographed in the morning. Imagine our surprise when we found ourselves on the edge of a second crevasse running parallel to the first, into which we followed the trail, over

smooth stones so slippery from the rain that it seemed as though here at least our ponies must make a misstep.

At first the chasm was barely wide enough for two people to ride abreast, then it gradually grew wider, and we halted at last on a sward of velvety green, fresh and bright as a well kept lawn. In the shadow of the dark wall which towered above us, a large pile of snow lay still unmelted, and above in the cracks and crannies of the rock grew soft green ferns, yellow dandelions and little bunches of pink heather.

We felt somehow in this remote spot as though back in the middle ages. Had some curious figure in the costume of those bygone days appeared, we would not have been surprised, and it was with great reluctance that day-dreams were relinquished and our horses turned homeward. After being in such surroundings all the afternoon, we could not persuade ourselves to sit still for an hour in that prosaic building. So without even dismounting, rode on down the valley toward the church. It was only a little structure built of wood, furnished with simple benches and with no organ, but they told us they hoped to be able to save enough money to buy an instrument. The services are well attended, though all the people have to come a long distance on their ponies.

Climbing to the road by which we had entered the valley the previous day, we finished our ride by a hard run down the hill and up to the very door of the Valholl.

AUG. 12TH.—This morning preparations were made to return to Reykiavik, although we were not over-anxious to leave. A week might easily have been spent exploring the neighboring country, fishing in the streams and climbing to points inaccessible to even the willing little pony. The hotel was comfortable, the food good though plain, and every moment of our stay was thoroughly enjoyed. The return to Reykiavik was not to be absolute and unalloyed joy.

Driving out, the four-wheeled cart had proved both light and comfortable. It had returned at once to Reykiavik, however,

An Iceland Chasm

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and another of which the owner was tremendously proud was sent out for us. It closely resembled a Paris *fiacre* without the top. Our Jehu must have been very familiar with the road; he certainly knew well where each stone was to be found, and proved it by never missing one. Part of the road was pretty rough, and on our way out we had remarked upon how comfortable the little cart was, considering how heavily it was laden; now it was impossible to remain in this wonderful victoria, so we again climbed into our saddles, having fortunately brought our ponies with us, and rode along at a jog trot, which was much more pleasant than the jolting of the carriage, until a point half-way to Reykiavik was reached.

Here we rested our ponies and started to have luncheon in the shadow of a dune, somewhat back from the roadside. A sudden rain squall drove us to the carriage, the pole was placed in an upright position over the box seat, the whole covered with a tarpaulin, and we lunched most comfortably in the improvised tent. Soon again we took up the now far from noiseless tenor of our way, for the carriage began to make queer sounds and act in a most peculiar manner. One jolt over a more than fair-sized stone and a sharp crack, together with the tipping sideways of the driver's seat, told us that the worst had happened: the fifth wheel, unable to stand the strain any longer, had snapped in half. Olaf, the only person we knew who spoke both English and Icelandic, was some distance ahead with the pack. We were stranded on the road, no help near, unable to exchange one word with our driver. This island boasts of only three carriages, and the other two were miles away in Reykiavik. Fortunately, we had kept one pony with us, so he was used in catching and recalling Olaf. In the meantime Johann, having managed to tie up the carriage, mounted the box, and on Olaf's return we again took to our saddles. Having had so much jolting to-day, we soon grew tired, but how four could ride in that carriage now became the question. The front seat could not hold the weight of two people.

Finally by sign language Johann was induced to get off the box, relinquish the reins and himself mount a pony, while we three drove. Thus we bowled merrily into Reykiavik, found the launch waiting for us, returned to the yacht and were soon seated at dinner in our cosy cabin, laughing over the numerous queer experiences of our trip, which in the future will give us many moments of pleasant retrospection.

Off to the Geysers

CHAPTER III

INTERIOR OF ICELAND

Bidding farewell to the ladies at Thingvallir, the rest of us started on our second day, which involved a ride of forty miles over a rough mountain trail to the geysers. Mounting our ponies, and driving the pack animals and extra ponies ahead, we left the plain of Thingvallir by the "Raven Rift," on the side opposite that by which the plain is entered.

The trail led by gradual ascent among the mountains, the scenery constantly growing finer and more interesting. At one point it carried us for some distance through an Iceland forest, where the mountain-sides were covered by small scrub beech about two or three feet in height. This is the nearest approach to trees that the Icelander has, therefore, he calls it a forest. We heard of one tree about twenty feet high, which is regarded as a sight well worth seeing, but as it is one hundred miles from Reykiavik, decided to forego the pleasure.

After crossing a mountain ridge, the trail wound down into a most beautiful valley. For a combination of diversified scenery, I have never seen anything quite equal to this. At our feet lay a valley fifty miles broad, and in its center a lake of crystal water into which flowed numerous mountain streams, winding in irregular courses through emerald green meadows to the shores of the lake. On the far banks we could see clouds of white steam rising into the pure still air from numerous hot-springs, while the whole picture was set in a circle of snow-capped mountains with the white crown of Hekla over-topping all. Here and there were the sod-covered roofs of farm buildings, with herds of sheep and ponies scattered over the green meadows. It was difficult to believe that such green and well watered land was practically of no use except for pasturage, for one could hardly imagine a more fertile scene than the appearance of these lowlands, so like the fields of

Hawaii. Potatoes, cabbage, turnips and hay only are raised here, the season being so short that the early frost kills less hardy crops, and the northern sun does not shower its calorics with the same generosity as in the trades of the Pacific.

After lunch and a rest of an hour, we pursued our way through the valley around the head of the lake, up and over another mountain ridge, and on into a valley at the far end of which are the hot-springs, or geysers. After stopping at a farmhouse for a glass of milk, which was brought to us by a buxom Icelandic girl, we finally reached our destination at about seven o'clock. Here is a hotel, so-called, a little one-story sheet-iron affair, with sleeping-rooms opening off from the main room, each containing two bunks. Repose was somewhat disturbed by the arrival of an Icelandic party of half a dozen people at 9:30 p. m., who kept up their rather noisy conversation somewhat later than we considered necessary. The natives are inclined to protract their festivities rather late into the night, and in consequence do not get a very early start in the morning. This is not altogether to be wondered at, as one's ordinary standard of day and night is somewhat upset, and it does not seem quite necessary to go to bed in broad daylight at nine or ten o'clock at night.

We were not fortunate enough to see the geyser in action, and from remarks made in the guest book at the hotel, imagine this is the fate of four-fifths of the visitors. Since the earthquakes of several years ago, the periods of eruption, never very regular, have been more uncertain than ever, and, as it had been almost a week since the geyser had deigned to spout, we had no intention of waiting its pleasure. We were told by the natives that, in anticipation of our visit, they had given the great geyser a hearty meal of soap and butter, which sometimes induces it to spout, but as I did not see this interesting operation, I cannot vouch for it, and in any event, it did not produce the desired result.

There are several hot-springs, some of beautifully clear water boiling to the surface and throwing off clouds of sulphurous steam, others of dark-colored boiling mud. One, the Strokr could, until recently, be provoked to action by dumping peat

and turf into the crater, but, owing to some internal change, this no longer has any effect.

The accommodations were quite comfortable, but we fared somewhat better than the casual traveler, having had the ship's steward, and being, in part, independent of the native cooking.

De Hosson was a subject of wonder and some consternation to the Icelandic women who presided in the kitchen, into which he charged with a large and ferocious carving knife in his hand, and talking at the top of his voice in three or four different languages. Having been informed by Helgi that we were Americans, they thought de Hosson a half-breed Indian, and the excited jabbering certainly bore out the impression that they stood in momentary expectation of being scalped. Having allayed their fears, by their combined aid we succeeded in getting a very good dinner, and, after a quiet smoke were making preparations to turn in for a good night's rest before the return trip next day, when the Icelandic party referred to before, rode up. I will say in defense of the natives that the noisiest member of this party was not an Icelander but a Scotchman. We had a most excellent opportunity of getting better acquainted with this person next day, as, quite uninvited, he attached himself to our party, leaving his Icelandic friends to follow on at their leisure. I have reason to think that they were not entirely inconsolable at his loss. The Icelanders possess much natural shrewdness.

By a somewhat laughable misunderstanding, he missed the pleasure of our company for half the day. After lunch together at noon, we mounted our ponies and started down the trail, thinking he was hard on our heels. Shortly afterward we turned off to visit a cave in the mountainside, leaving de Hosson to wait for the pack-train. When it came along with the Scotchman bringing up the rear, he assumed that we were still ahead on the trail, and I am strongly of the opinion that de Hosson did not exert himself to enlighten our new comrade, to whom he had taken a violent dislike. He, anxious to overtake us, spent the remainder of the afternoon spurring madly ahead, expecting at every turn to overhaul us, with the result that he reached Thing-

vallir a full hour in advance, and considerably disgusted. De Hosson wore the face of a graven image, as we made our most decent apologies for the unfortunate mistake. The canny Scot, however, did not again lose sight of us.

The return trip was equally as pleasant as our previous day's journey, and we had now settled down into good riding trim, so that seven or eight hours in the saddle did not bring us in unduly fatigued. The bracing and wonderfully clear air, the panorama of constantly changing scenery and the wild country were a constant delight. We met some travelers and had the pleasure of saluting them with the native greeting; the spelling is impossible, but it is pronounced "go-on-die-in." We did not find it difficult, and took every occasion to laugh in our sleeves while apparently exchanging formal greetings. The country offers the sportsman many opportunities. Curlew are abundant and a part of every landscape; they fly low or rest quietly on the ground, without the least fear of the hunter, are easily shot and good eating. Ducks are plentiful, while in the fall, ptarmigan come down from the higher ground and are very good shooting. Being a variety of grouse, they too are delicious.

The brooks, some owned by Englishmen, abound in salmon, trout and char. The salmon are not large and the trout do not rise to a fly, but are most palatable. Black flies though abundant, do not bite, and mosquitoes are not to be found in the neighborhood of Reykiavik.

Another night's sound sleep at Thingvallir, in the little bunks like the berths of a sleeping-car, and we were off next morning at 6:45 on our last stage for Reykiavik. For breakfast we had a taste of "skier," a distinctly Icelandic dish, made from curdled milk and about as thick as porridge. It is a little like cheese and is eaten with sugar and cream.

No incident worthy of mention happened on our return from Thingvallir to Reykiavik, and we rode into town at two o'clock to find Harriet and Miss Whitney on board the yacht, where they had arrived safely the night before.

The afternoon was spent on shore, visiting the women's bazaar, post-office, the museum, and in witnessing a session of Parliament.

FAREWELL GLIMPSE OF THINGVALLIR

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At the bazaar we had hoped to find specimens of Icelandic handiwork, but were disappointed.

The use of snuff being a peculiarity of this people, we were able to procure one or two old snuff-boxes and some specimens of carved wood, the latter having once been most popular in the island. The headboard and foot of a bed were sometimes carved with mottoes or biblical scenes, the entire bed often being ornamented in this fashion. Every member of a household possessed a chest, always carved and sometimes colored, as were innumerable boxes and household utensils.

In the museum we saw some Icelandic jewelry, priests' robes, a collection of old coins also many pulpits and triptychs used centuries before in the Catholic churches, which at one time must have flourished here. One room contained many choice specimens of the art of wood carving, and a Bible which was printed here in 1558.

The post-office next demanded our attention. A notice on the door advised the public that the mail would leave Iceland at 4:30 p. m. on the yacht Aloha, and she now carries that mail in her hold, together with the postals we ourselves mailed on shore. Communication is so infrequent with the mainland that the Icelanders seize any opportunity to have their letters taken to another country.

Our last visit was to the House of Parliament. How different these gatherings are from the Althing, which used to assemble at Thingvallir. The meeting seemed a very small affair to us, there being only thirty-six members in all, but they were much in earnest over their work and were a surprisingly fine-looking set of men. The presiding officer, a tall, handsome man with clear-cut features, is the President of Reykiavik College. On his right sat the Governor, in full uniform; on his left, the principal banker of the town. The member from a neighboring county, who had the floor during our stay, seemed to have his subject well in hand and made only occasional reference to his notes.

Iceland has always been under Denmark's rule, a governor-general being sent out by the king from the home country. Now the "old order changeth, giving place to the new;" Iceland is to

govern herself hereafter; although still remaining a Danish dependency, a minister is to be sent from the island to Denmark to represent her there. We subsequently learned that it was the discussion of this change of government to which we had listened, without understanding one word of the rather harsh language, overflowing with consonants; but we could readily appreciate the seriousness of the debate and the earnestness of the member addressing the house.

It would be difficult to find anywhere in the world to-day a community of equal importance so cut off from the ordinary accompaniments of twentieth-century civilization, so self-sufficient and so little dependent on the outside world as Iceland. It has no cable communication and the mails are quite irregular, sometimes arriving once and sometimes twice a month during the summer. The authorities were glad to make use of Aloha as a mail boat, when they learned we were going to Bergen, and I was somewhat amused at being stopped on the street and requested to send a telegram on our arrival there. Although the responsibility was accepted, I gave no guarantee as to the time of delivery.

The isolation of the Icelanders has produced a very well ordered and compact government; in consequence, the political history of the island is most interesting and in many respects unique, well repaying a careful study. Its literary and social history is no less interesting, and it is little short of marvelous to learn what these people accomplished during the decadence of art and literature in Europe during the middle ages.

The sagas are an original and individual development of Icelandic culture, now studied by *littérateurs* of all nations. There can be no doubt of the authenticity of the account of the discovery of America. It is described in the sagas of the Floemen, written 985–990. Probably Columbus heard these tales of the past when he visited Iceland in 1477, which adds a peculiar interest to this land whose Vikings discovered and led again to the rediscovery of our Homeland.

It is said that it is well nigh impossible to find to-day in the island a child of ten years who cannot read and write, and

many of the natives are more or less familiar with two or three languages beside their own.

The principal attractions of Iceland for the tourist are its beautiful natural scenery, its people and customs, to make the most of which one must leave Reykiavik and go into the country districts.

We all agreed in thinking that our visit to this out-of-the-world place was most successful in every way, and we should have been glad to extend our inland trip, if we could have done so. We were treated with uniform kindness and hospitality, the natives with whom we came in contact having done everything possible to make our stay a pleasant one.

CHAPTER IV

ISLANDS OF THE NORTH SEA

Aloha being in readiness for a start, good-byes were said to Helgi and our Iceland friends, and at seven o'clock on Thursday afternoon, August 13th, we were on our way out of the harbor. All retired early after our vigorous exercise on shore, and after a quiet night under steam, with light winds from the south, woke to find the sun shining brightly and the air warmer than at any time since we left New York, allowing us to spend the greater part of the day on deck, something we had not been able to do with comfort for any length of time before.

During the night the wind shifted into the northwest, and by Saturday morning we were making excellent time, but beginning to roll somewhat in a following sea.

AUGUST 16TH.—On Sunday the ship was as unsteady as the sea. Chairs, silver, crockery, books and every article danced as far as lashings permitted and then back again with a slam. It was almost impossible to keep one's feet and absolutely impossible to sleep till the ship hove to. Even Jake was glad to hold on to the rail, as he looked at the dark horizon and occasionally jumped to avoid a sea which the gale forced aboard. It was so uncomfortable below that no service was held, although hymns were sung in the evening. Later on, when it was possible to procure newspapers, we learned that it was the aftermath of a gale which created much havoc all along the English coast.

Land was sighted on Monday night about nine o'clock and early Tuesday morning Aloha anchored in the harbor of Lerwick, the largest of the Shetland towns. This is a busy, prosperous-looking fishing village, quite picturesque, with narrow, crooked streets and pretty, gable-roofed stone houses.

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Street in Lerwick

We took a drive of an hour and a half through the country to Scalloway, the ancient capital of the islands and the site of a ruined Norse castle. The Shetlands, like Iceland, are barren of trees, and the main support [illegible] from fishing, is sheep-raising. [illegible] peat for fuel, except for the little coal imported into the [illegible] one of the very characteristic sights along the country [illegible] native woman with a big basket of peat strapped to [illegible] busily knitting a pair of stockings as she trudges along, exchanging gossip with her companions.

The Shetland ponies were little in evidence, much to our disappointment. Sea-gulls seemed more characteristic of the islands. They fill the harbor and fly inland, feeding in great flocks on the hillsides. Lerwick is a busy place, exporting great quantities of fish, the odor of which pervades the atmosphere.

Having heard of the Pictish town at Mousa, we thought of visiting it, but the trip was given up on account of the distance, and we contented ourselves with the shorter drive to Scalloway.

After lunch at the Queen's Hotel and some purchases of Shetland wool we returned on board and were soon under way for Bergen, one hundred and eighty miles distant almost due east across the North Sea. During this night, we made the record run of our trip, covering one hundred and seventy-five miles in seventeen hours, and by morning were not far from the Norwegian coast. Then, when expecting a land-fall, the sunlight faded, clouds gathered and the fog shut out successfully the point we were trying to sight. All day was spent either here or running back on our course, and just as we began to wonder whether the night would have to be spent wabbling about in this uncomfortable fashion, with land so near yet so far away, the mists for a few moments lifted and a lighthouse was sighted, the only one of which a picture is to be found in the book describing this coast; so it did not take long to get our bearings.

We now made for the shore, signaling for a pilot, and by six-thirty were comfortably anchored within the mouth of the Bjurone Fjord.

AUGUST 20TH.—Weighing anchor the following morning at four-thirty, we reached Bergen about eight o'clock. The town is beautifully situated at the head of the fjord, extending from the rocky point which divides the harbor into two branches, far back up the valley between lofty mountains. The water-front from the seaward side is unattractive and gives little indication of the size or importance of the city, which is the second largest in Norway and has a population of over seventy thousand people.

Upon close inspection, it was a pleasant surprise. The main street is very wide and has many good shops on both sides, while some of the side streets still retain the characteristics of the Hansiatic League, and remind one of streets in Holland and Germany, where these merchants also traded when the League was at the zenith of its power.

Bergen has a rather pretty park and some attractive private houses, but the city is disfigured by several open places, roughly paved and designated "squares," although of every size and shape. It has been devastated so often by fire that these open places have been left here and there for the purpose of preventing such conflagrations in the future.

The old *dom*, or cathedral, can boast of a fairly good exterior, but the interior is uninteresting, having been recently renovated in a style not at all corresponding with the architecture of the old building, with brilliant, modern, stained-glass windows.

About four in the afternoon, we left the city by a road leading toward the mountains. Passing some thread factories and a long rope-walk, which was rather an unusual sight for us, we found ourselves, for the first time since leaving home, in a good green country with plenty of trees, flowers and mountain brooks to charm the eye. After keeping close to the mountains for about an hour, we turned and crossed the fertile valley, dotted here and there by private residences, generally owned by wealthy ship-builders, and climbed to a chalet half way up the mountain side. Leaving the carriages, we walked through a park once the property of the American consul, now owned by Germany's representative, to visit the old Stave Church brought

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STAVE CHURCH

here about twenty years ago from the northern part of Norway. The architecture is most curious. At a height of about forty feet from the ground is a gabled roof; on this seem to be placed two viking ships, with carved prows rising one above the other, the upper being somewhat the smaller of the two, and the whole surmounted by a tapering spire. No one knows exactly by whom or when the church was built, but it is surmised that Indian as well as Russian architecture enters into its composition. The name stave was applied to the structure because the entire building is made of small pieces or staves of wood, no large pieces of material being used in its construction. There are only seven of these curious buildings to be found in all Norway.

Returning to the chalet, on the veranda overlooking the valley we found our dinner table, decorated with a miniature flagstaff bearing the stars and stripes and with vases of flowers. The music for the evening was furnished by a mountain brook near by, which rippled continuously over the stones, never apparently tiring of its theme.

Far across the valley, could be seen the distant green mountains, touched by the light of the setting sun, thickly covered with the celebrated pines of the country, and above them the blue of the sky, with here and there a fleecy cloud just edged with pink. All the colors of the landscape blending harmoniously in the soft evening light made us loath to leave our mountain eyrie and the wonderful view.

Driving during the long sunlight the whole valley lay revealed before us, as we traversed the side of the mountain facing the quiet fjord, where Aloha's masts were plainly visible above the little red-roofed houses. As we descended, the sun, now round and red, hung for a few moments like a ball of fire just at the horizon's edge, softening the stern lines of the mountains, bathing the waters of the silent fjord below with a crimson light and then sank to rest among a dark bank of clouds. It was a fit ending to a perfect day.

AUGUST 21ST.—The following morning we made another trip to the town, paying a short visit to the fish markets. The fish

are kept alive in large square tubs, into which the water constantly flows, and are sold while swimming about in captivity.

A hurried visit was made to the shops of the city, but by noon all hands were on board ready for the trip which had been planned by our courier, Thuland, whom we engaged through Bennett's agency. With business promptness, Mr. Jacobson, a pilot whom Jake had engaged by letter, came aboard last night and has assumed the task of taking Aloha through the watery labyrinth of the Norwegian fjords.

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A Narrow Waterway

CHAPTER V

ENVIRONS OF THE NORD FJORD

As soon as the ship got under way, our acquaintance with the beauties of Norwegian scenery began. Cruising here is like passing from one quiet lake to another, where channels are apparently landlocked until the ship noses her way through a hidden outlet. The usual steamer courses are marked by buoys and small lights, which would need exacting care were it not that they are so arranged as to demand attention at intervals of three weeks only. They are painted red and somewhat resemble a packing-box on stilts. Our route seemed so closed in by high rocks that it was impossible even to conjecture as to which way we should next turn to extricate ourselves from this maze, and then, as we turned and looked back, it was hard to tell from whence we had come.

The scenery is magnificent and constantly increases in beauty and grandeur as we proceed. The high mountains are covered with pine-trees, the valleys are well cultivated and little farms are to be seen everywhere. Sometimes the side of the mountain is of solid rock, and from the snow banked high on the top a glorious water-fall comes tumbling down with a rush and a roar, to be immediately absorbed in the quiet waters of the fjord.

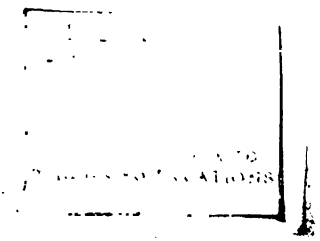
Everywhere one looks in this country, magnificent water-falls, many of them thousands of feet high, can be seen, and while anchored in a quiet harbor for the night, one is lulled to sleep by the sound of many waters continually rushing down to meet the sea, only to be reclaimed later on as ice or snow and then to fall again, perhaps fascinating and charming some other wondering traveler. Any attempt to describe the scenery of the fjords is sure to end in dismal failure. It simply beggars description, and we have never yet found a word-picture of Norwegian scenery

which conveys any adequate impression of its magnificence. It must be seen to be understood, and so we shall confine ourselves here to a simple record of the places visited and our doings from day to day.

The sails on the fishing boats are stained a reddish brown, evidently to protect them from the continual dampness of the climate, and, outlined against the rocks, they add their share to the picturesqueness of the scene.

A stiff breeze from the north had been blowing the greater part of the day, which now became so strong that it was thought best to seek shelter for the night, and we finally dropped anchor in the Stavanger Fjord, our bowsprit almost touching the shore. In fact, so deep is the water in these fjords that one can steam up almost to the very side of the cliff, and it sometimes seemed as if the yard-arms must strike them as we passed.

AUGUST 22D.—Awoke to find ourselves in the wonderful Nord Fjord, a narrow waterway shut in by towering cliffs. Every view was crowded with wonders, to paint which demands the masterful powers of an artist or a poet. To the south lay snow-capped peaks and ranges from four to six thousand feet in altitude, and in some places great cliffs peered directly down at the yacht from their dizzy heights. Hornelen, the highest ocean cliff in Europe, with its reverberating echo, reaches upward from the left bank of the fjord to a distance of two thousand nine hundred and eighty-five feet. At the entrance the cold rocks are treeless and almost devoid of vegetation, but further inland the bank becomes greener, at first with a lace-like net of mossy ferns, then with bushes and at last with a variety of shades due to the blending of forest and scrub growth. One precipice after another was seen, its mountainsides so formidable as to obstruct the view, though an occasional curve made an opening through which a vista of distant mountains became visible. The well-watered and fertile lowlands showed the delicate green of opening spring, the next ridge the matured verdure of summer, while beyond appeared the colder grays and browns of fall, backed by the treeless and snowy crags of winter.



NORWEGIAN HAY-MAKING

Steaming all day through this beautiful fjord, often running so close inshore that it seemed as if we must strike our jibboom, we reached Visnæs, at the head of the fjord, and there took two calashes and began our drive.

High above us—some of them thousands of feet—tower the mountains; over these the water comes tumbling in many streams, dashing madly down to join the river which rushes through the center of the valley. Every inch of available land is cultivated, and by many of the streams are small huts, one above the other, far up the mountainside. We are told they are mills, each having a short, wooden sluice and containing two stones, which are rubbed together by the force of the water. Here, in this primitive fashion, the peasants grind the grain raised in the valley below. On account of the continued rainfall, great care has to be taken with the crops in this country. The hay is dried over a long fence made of rails. When cut, instead of remaining on the ground, it is hung over these fences, being first laid over the lowest rail until that space will hold no more, and so on to the top, the last one protecting the whole. Grain is made up into bundles of about an armful each, tied carefully and lashed to a pole which is pointed at one end and about six feet high. When loaded with its proper burden, the pole is thrust into the ground and the grain left to dry.

Occasional rainstorms at first induced us to use our umbrellas, but one quickly grows accustomed to this climate, and the following day we scorned to open them for anything save a hard downpour.

After driving about fourteen kilometers, we reached the farm of Maland on the side of Stryn Lake, where boats were provided for the row of eleven kilometers to Hjelle, at the farther end.

The women in this country seem to share all kinds of work equally with the men, even taking their places at the oars. The row of an hour and a half across the lake was probably as beautiful as any of us will ever experience, the high mountains coming down to the water's edge, while behind and between their green slopes distant glaciers could be seen. The elements were kind to

[illegible] and we had [illegible] reached Hjelle, our destination, before the [illegible] which had been following us for some time descended.

After a refreshing cup of tea, we started to drive up Videsaeter [illegible] Videsaeter, where we were to spend the night. The distance, "as the crow flies," could hardly have exceeded a mile and a half, and in fact, almost immediately after leaving the [illegible] we could see our little hotel perched far above on what [illegible] the summit of the divide, between the towering [illegible] on either hand. It took us a full hour and a half to make the distance, however, over a splendidly constructed road [illegible] and maintained by the government. It winds its [illegible] the narrow valley, always ascending by [illegible] The [illegible] walk the distance in less time than it takes [illegible] reaching the hotel a half-hour [illegible] the carriages. Here we dined on fresh-caught trout, [illegible] comfortably, lulled to sleep by the roar [illegible] from the hotel. From start to finish [illegible] constructed and is a lasting demonstration [illegible] planned it. Leaving the carriages [illegible] toward the hotel, again [illegible] stop, spell-bound, feasting [illegible] below, above and all about us. [illegible] deep shadow, caused by their [illegible] and snow banks on their sum- [illegible] sunlight; the stream far below [illegible] while still the rush of mighty [illegible]

[illegible] and the valley below filled with [illegible] clock, our hour of starting, [illegible] and obscured the view. All [illegible] with now and then a [illegible] the rushing river beside [illegible] we had reached the summit of [illegible] five hundred feet. [illegible] along the shores of lakes of [illegible] which bordered the road [illegible] there was an unusual

amount of snow for this season, owing to the heavy fall of last winter and the cold summer. In fact, the road was partly filled with snow until late into July of this year. Resting for a few moments at the summit, we drove on in a cold drizzling rain, reaching the luncheon place, Djupvands hutten, wet and chilled through.

After a good lunch and a rest of two hours, we started again down the mountain for Merok, at the head of the Geiranger fjord, where we expected to find Aloha awaiting us.

This drive of two hours, during which we dropped down three thousand feet to the sea, was finer than any in point of wild and beautiful scenery. Fortune favored us, the thick clouds, those "sails of the barge of the drifting day," rising silently one by one from the valley, floated above us to the mountain top, hung there for a moment and then vanished in the pure air. Finally we came out where we could see the white houses of the village far below, and, in the quiet bay just beyond, the tall masts of Aloha riding at anchor in the deep shadow of the giant mountains.

The road twisted back and forth down the face of the mountain-side, a model of engineering skill. One last dash hurrying like mad around the curves, and we stood at last on the stone wharf, waiting for the launch. Our rapid descent had been witnessed from the yacht. We had not long to wait and were soon back in our cosey quarters.

On this drive we were able to procure a *stolkjærre*, the different members of the party taking turns in trying the merits of the Norwegian carriage. This thoroughly characteristic vehicle is a two-wheeled box-cart, with a seat for two, adjustable, according to the number and weight of the persons intending to ride, and has a small seat behind for the boy. Our "boy" had easily seen fifty summers. The shafts have wooden pegs for stops, and a narrow piece of leather wound around the pegs alone connects horse and cart, and sustains the entire weight of the load on a decline. The horses travel without urging and we found the *stolkjærre* a pleasant mode of conveyance.

CHAPTER VI

ON SEA AND LAND

AUGUST 24TH.—Passing out of the Geiranger fjord at early morning, we skirted the base of perpendicular cliffs, whose summits three and four thousand feet above seemed actually to overhang us. At one point the Falls of the Seven Sisters came pouring over the edge of the precipice with a sheer drop of three thousand feet, the spray falling on Aloha's deck.

During the afternoon we reached Aalesund, at the mouth of the fjord, and here stopped to take on coal for the first time since leaving New York. This is a thriving fishing village of twelve thousand inhabitants, with nothing to recommend it to the traveler. From the cliff back of the town a fine view can be had of the surrounding islands and fjords; but in a country where the principal product is scenery, it does not deserve special mention.

Coaling being finished, at nine o'clock we steamed out again and headed for Veblungsnæs, on the Moldé fjord, as we were unwilling to miss a visit to the Romsdal valley, said to be one of the most beautiful in Norway.

AUGUST 25TH.—At breakfast we saw Næs near at hand, its waterfront crowded with vehicles which were not only for our use but also for passengers of the *Midnight Sun*, an English excursion steamer, anchored beside us.

The Romsdal valley was not appreciated with the same enthusiasm as the valley of Videsæter. It is walled in by gray, smooth and treeless rocks. The mountainsides are so bare and their lines so soft, that they contrast strongly with the roughness of the jumbled crags which we had seen three days before. The memory of Videsæter's dark valley, fringed with snow-capped peaks, was too fresh to be overshadowed by the refinement of the peaceful Romsdal. It welcomed us with the warm sunshine of spring,

ROMSDAL VALLEY

while the broad river flowed quietly along the roadside, almost without a murmur, and instead of eternal snow great white clouds as soft as cotton balls crowned the lofty mountains. The drive through Romsdal is restful instead of exhilarating, soothing rather than startling. It must be acknowledged that these sensations are not to be expected in the presence of such grand mountains, but our party had to confess to a feeling of satisfaction rather than wonder. This was strange in the presence of so lofty a height as the Romsdalhorn towering five thousand and ninety feet above us, and the giant forms of neighboring peaks of just as mammoth dimensions. The Valley is beautiful but should be seen before the grander scenery of Norway has demanded too much of the traveler.

By two o'clock, we were again on board and outward-bound for the Sogne fjord, from the head of which it was proposed to go across country back to Bergen. Slow progress was made, owing to the very poor quality of the coal taken on at Aalesund.

Days of clean and pleasant steaming are now past, for we must make the best of the soft coal, which is the only kind to be obtained here. We think, however, that Aloha has made a record, as it is extremely unlikely that any other yacht has ever reached the Norway fjords, with hard coal in her bunkers.

From the Moldé fjord we passed out, bound south through the islands and into the Sogne fjord. The farther one travels up this fjord the more beautiful the scenery becomes; but the Næro fjord, into which we turned on our way to Gudvangen, excelled in grandeur anything yet seen.

AUGUST 27TH.—Leaving the yacht as soon as possible, after arriving at Gudvangen, so that she might proceed at once on her way to Bergen, we landed in the pouring rain and went to the Vikingvang Hotel, hoping that in an hour or two the storm would have passed over, and that the wonderful valley through which we were to drive might not be entirely veiled in mist. Our patience was amply rewarded. In a short time the clouds began to lift, a small patch of blue sky became visible, and after a while the sun could be seen on the mountain tops.

At five we dined and then started. We were back once more in the land of water-falls, which here fell from such heights as to be dissipated into spray long before the fjord was reached, and, catching the sunlight, were changed into glistening rainbows.

The roadway from Gudvangen to Stalheim lies in the Nærodal valley, and follows a roaring stream. It is evidently well fished, and during the dusk of twilight we saw a number of sportsmen warily angling in its clear, cold waters. The left confine of the valley is a sheer precipice over which two unusually attractive water-falls escaped to the river below. The sharp sides of the precipice shut off any view of the towering heights beyond, and without any other source than the overhanging clouds these streams of the pearly moisture of heaven floated off into space. They appeared so feathery that they were wafted by the breeze to follow one channel then another or to be so dissipated as only to serve as a thin veil of mist obscuring the imperfections without hiding the grandeur of nature's masonry.

It was overcast as we departed from the Vikingvang Hotel and its natural grotto, but the sun soon broke through the clouds and, caught by the water-fall, was reflected to us as a symbol of welcome. At Stalheimsklev the river splits into two fine water-falls, between which is a precipitous rise ascended by a winding roadway watered at points by the spray from the Silvefos. From the front of the hotel grounds one can look directly down a thousand feet and see all of the sixteen turns in the roadway which is so steep that one is compelled to climb it on foot. Then, looking back over the valley through which we had come, the perfect dome of the Jordalsnuten Mountain, three thousand six hundred feet high, stands out like a dignified and silent sentinel guarding the entrance to this wonderful pass.

August 28th.—This morning, we began our drive to Vossvangen, and, although the weather was more or less rainy during the entire drive, we had now become so accustomed to the Norwegian climate, that an hour or two of sunshine was hailed as something for which to be especially thankful, and a whole day of clear weather a marvel to be marked with a red letter. We were told in

View from Stalheim

Bergen, where the annual rainfall is seventy-two inches and the rainy days two hundred in the year, that the babies are all born with umbrellas in their hands, and I see no reason to doubt the story.

The drive took us through a charming country, at one point skirting the shore of a large lake for several miles at an altitude of, probably, one thousand feet. On the shore of this lake stands a simple stone monument which marks the place where two Americans lost their lives by drowning, two years ago. We were informed that their horse backed the *stolkjærre* over the side of the road into the lake, but could not understand how the accident happened, as it seemed far less dangerous than many other places.

One very beautiful water-fall was passed, the Tvindefos, and later Vossvangen came in sight. Here we dined at Fleicher's Hotel, and at four o'clock took the train for Bergen.

Our courier had assured us that the Norwegians took little liquor and that he had strong temperance ideas. I do not doubt this, but, during the day, he had been looking a little fishy-eyed, and his seat on the box had been somewhat wobbly. By the time we left the hotel at Voss, poor "Tully," as we called him, was quite unsteady on his pins, and the guard did not allow him to board the train. Thus we were unwittingly relieved of an incubus which had been an annoyance all day.

The railroad runs through a series of tunnels by the shores of fjords and lakes, reminding one of Switzerland and Lake Thun, while farther on the picture framed by the car window recalls Lake Geneva as seen from Chillon or Vevey. Had it been a clear day, this ride by train would have been very beautiful; but, unfortunately for us, it was at times impossible to see more than a short distance from the car.

Arriving in Bergen, we found that the yacht had not yet been sighted, so, the Norge Hotel being full, drove to Schmeby's and were soon comfortably settled for the night.

AUGUST 29TH.—While awaiting the return of the yacht, our time was employed in visiting the fur shops and also that in

which the Norwegian enamel and silver-gilt work is done. We were invited to visit the workshop and see the process of manufacture. This industry is of comparatively recent growth in Norway and is said to compare favorably with the Russian enamel work. It is all done upon a groundwork of silver, the enamel being put on by hand in various colors and designs, and then fired at a high temperature, after which the pieces are gilded by an electro-plating process. The enameling is largely done by girls and requires a considerable degree of skill and delicacy of touch. Some of it is very beautiful.

Later on we visited the Museum containing the household furniture and records of the Hanseatic League. This ancient German commercial association during the middle ages maintained an active and powerful branch in Bergen, and from an historical standpoint the museum is, no doubt, interesting. We must confess, for our part, that we thought the admission fee of one kroner was all it was worth from a spectacular standpoint.

AUGUST 30TH.—Last evening Mr. Cunningham, United States consul at Bergen, dined with us, and at eight a. m. this morning, we were off, bound for the Hardanger fjord. The first part of the Hardanger is beautiful but not as fine as the Næro fjord. We made a slight *détour* to see the glacier at the head of the Meeranger fjord and were well repaid for the extra run.

Continuing until about half after six, we turned aside once more to see the beauties of the Fiksensund fjord. Not a ripple, save those made by our own propeller, ruffled the face of the waters, as we steamed quietly between the walls of rock which towered far above us. At one time it seemed as though we were nearing the portals of a large cathedral, dome, transepts and porch all being wonderfully represented by nature, without any assistance from chisel or hammer. Nearing the end of the fjord, absolute silence prevailed; a spirit of perfect peace reigned everywhere. All the farms were deserted, the owners having rowed away to some distant point, probably where the nearest church was to be found.

Although our pilot was rather skeptical as to whether we could spend the night here, safe anchorage was found. After dinner we rowed along the quiet shores of the fjord, getting a nearer view of the little farms, dotted here and there along the water's edge. Night was just falling; the dark shadow made by the high rocks crept farther and farther out over the water, only a narrow shaft of light now remaining at the head of the fjord.

Rowing back to the yacht, we passed a boat-load of peasants returning to their homes, the stiff white headdresses of the women presenting a most curious appearance in this half-light. The beauty of the scene and the charm and quiet which pervaded everything made us unwilling to leave the deck, and as we watched, one small light after another sent its fitful gleam out into the night, one from a cabin far above, another near the water's edge, so that the long line of gold was reflected on the black water. Then one by one they disappeared and silence reigned supreme.

AUGUST 31ST.—The following morning we continued up the Hardanger fjord to Odde, but of the scenery along these shores we have only an indistinct idea, for rain and fog shut out the view almost completely. A snow-covered mountain or part of a glacier could every now and then be seen through the mist, but these occasional aggravating glimpses are all we have to recall the beauties of this fjord.

Landing at Odde at 11:30 a. m., our carriages were waiting for us to begin a four-days' trip to Christiania. Like so many previous drives in this country, we started off in the rain, which in this case was particularly unfortunate, as the road almost immediately begins to ascend from Odde, and the rain and heavy clouds sadly interfered with our view. There seemed no help for it, as any one who postpones his excursions in Norway because of the weather would need an entire summer to complete the rounds.

After four hours of constant climbing, we reached the summit of the divide, and then, by rapid descent, drove down the other side to Breifond, where we spent the night at the hotel beautifully situated on the shore of Lake Rodal. In the guest book at Brei-

fond there is the most pertinent comment on hotel fare in Norway in the remark of an English tourist, who had written opposite his signature that, after two months in Norway, he was ashamed to look a fish in the face.

The hotel is situated about half-way down the west shore of the lake, the view from its windows being varied and beautiful. Toward the south, the mountains rise directly from the water's edge, tipped here and there by snow-drifts, and so high that the water at their base lies dark and cold in the shadow. Turning in the other direction, the land was bathed in sunlight, the blue rippling water sparkled like myriad diamonds, and the low green shores were well cultivated and dotted with little farms.

SEPTEMBER 1ST.—Starting about 8:30 a. m. we passed by these little farms, and after a short climb and one or two turns, Lake Rodal was entirely shut out from view, and we descended into a narrow ravine, which seemed to lie between the valley we had left and the mountains now before us. Far above the road wound back and forth, and all were obliged to leave the carriages and make this ascent on foot. There were beautiful views on every hand, the warm sunlight making it possible to stop and look back as long and as often as we liked. This was the first time we had experienced the sensation of being thoroughly warm in Norway.

Stopping at a wayside inn for coffee, we were soon on our way again and, shortly beyond this last resting place, crossed the highest point of the pass, three thousand seven hundred and six feet, and entered the land of perpetual snow. We were obliged to leave our carriages and walk over one drift twenty feet deep, while further on, where half of the road had been cut through the side of a bank, had to drive under an overhanging roof of snow which we felt might slip down and bury us at any moment.

We lunched at Haukelidsæter, a government hospice, the most pretentious yet reached. It is built of carved pine, stained dark-brown and is decorated with examples of Norwegian handiwork. The architecture of the exterior far exceeds in quality the refreshments furnished in the interior.

An Overhanging Roof of Snow

Leaving Haukelidsæter the road descends gradually and with the change of altitude, the scenery changes too. The mountains are less high and rocky and no longer snow-capped, trees and shrubs covering their slopes. By the time Haukelid, our stopping-place, was reached, we found ourselves in a pleasant valley, with nothing of an extraordinary nature to mark it from many in our own land. This drive illustrates the varied character of this wonderful country, which jumps in a few hours from wild magnificence into rural simplicity, and then back again to mountains and stupendous crags, all in a day's journey.

SEPTEMBER 2D.—Next morning there was still one more mountain range to cross, but this time the scenery on the upward grade, though pretty, was not unusual, and at about two p. m. Bœta was reached. Thence the country for a time closely resembled that through which we had come in the forenoon. Just as it seemed probable that it would continue to be of this character all the way to Dalen, the road made a sharp turn, and, to our surprise, we found ourselves on the edge of the famous Telemarken Pass. On one side mountains rose over two thousand feet, on the other was a steep precipice. Looking over the edge of the road, a thousand feet below, we could see the rushing mountain stream and the road we were eventually to travel; but no way of reaching the valley was visible from this point.

Turning sharply to the left, into a small gorge, we descended by a series of zigzags, until we had reached the lowest level, and soon were traveling over the road seen from the height above. The way now led between the high mountains with the stream always at the roadside until Dalen was reached. The hotel, one of the best in this country, is attractive, the gardens running down to the shores of Bandal Lake.

SEPTEMBER 3D.—Six o'clock the next morning found us on board the little steamer which plies across the lake and runs through the canal to Skien.

At first the rain and fog completely shut out the scenery along the shore, which is said to be very fine and wild. Shortly before

noon the weather cleared, and we were able to sit on deck in the good warm sunlight and enjoy the picturesque little canal, which is a wonderful piece of engineering. The difference between the levels of the two lakes is one hundred and seventy-eight feet, sixteen locks and two dams having been constructed to make it possible for a ship to pass from one to the other. Many of the locks were blasted out of the rock, while in other places the walls are solid granite. As soon as the steamer leaves the last lock the city of Skien comes into view.

Luncheon, a rest and a short walk occupied our spare time, and at five we left by train for Christiania, reaching there at midnight and taking rooms at the Grand Hotel. Our suite was very grand and pretentious. The high ceilings, tapestried walls and heavy hangings seemed more suitable for royalty than for a tired party of travelers. Pete and I in tramping clothes found plenty of room for our one satchel, which appeared to be lost in such unexpected grandeur.

CHAPTER VII

CHRISTIANIA TO EDINBURGH

SEPTEMBER 4TH.—On comparing notes in the morning it was found that many of the party had been too tired to inspect their beds before retiring and had passed an uncomfortable night in consequence. A word of warning to the tourist in Scandinavia will save him many sleepless hours. The people of this country make a bed in a manner quite unique. Blankets are unknown and the eiderdown quilt is in common use. If kept in its place on the bed it is too warm for comfort, or on the other hand it is apt to give way to its migratory disposition and leave the sleeper to be chilled by the northern night air. The movable character of this doubtful article of luxury is exaggerated by the fact that the clothes are never tucked in at the foot. They cannot be, for in the manufacture of the bed no place is thoughtfully predestined for that useful function.

The view from our windows revealed the house of Parliament and the Palace at either end of Carl Johann's Gade. This wide park-like thoroughfare, the principal street of the city, is lined with public buildings, government offices and attractive shops. Although the tourist is accustomed to spend his time in the center of the city, the business interests radiate in all directions and embrace a growing population which has long since out-stripped Bergen. The latter seems quite rural in comparison, and its fishing industries not only give an odor to the whole town but deprive it of the neatness which characterizes Christiania. Here is the royal residence, and from the palace radiate a refining influence and a well deserved air of prosperity. It is as well the intellectual center of Norway, the seat of its only university. Its buildings are not far from our hotel, and its students and the number of soldiers along the street give an air to Christiania which is quite foreign to Bergen.

The University is on the Carl Johann's Gade, and behind it is a wooden shed containing an archeological discovery of magnificent interest. It is the Viking Ship excavated in 1880, a relic of the ninth century, so perfectly preserved by the bed of clay in which it lay, that it offers an almost unbroken specimen. This ship, seventy-eight feet in length, was originally dragged from the sea to serve as the last resting-place of a Viking chief, the prow being turned toward the sea, as was the custom, ready to carry its master in obedience to Odin's final call. It had probably been drawn up on shore by horses and covered by a tumulus, or mound, and in the burial chamber amidships with the chief, were his arms, jewels and household utensils, while around him lay his favorite horses and dogs. The ship, with many of its oars and much of the rigging and sails, was found in a wonderful state of preservation; the lines have hardly been improved upon, after a lapse of nearly one thousand years. A model of this ship was exhibited at the Chicago exhibition. Since then two others have been discovered, to tell of the habits of these Vikings, whose lives were spent upon the sea, and whose wanderings led them not only along the shores of the North Sea, but to the Mediterranean, to Iceland, Greenland and even to the distant shores of America.

A drive out to Holmenkollen, a popular resort, for luncheon, afforded us a fine view of the city and the beautiful Christiania fjord, from an elevation of twelve hundred feet. At five o'clock we were again on the train *en route* for Stockholm which was reached the following morning.

The Grande hotel stands on the bank of the Norr Strom, which is dotted with no end of neat, white, local steamers. On the opposite shore rises the stately palace, occupying the center of the island upon which the city was founded. Stockholm is an island city forty miles from the Baltic by the shortest steamer course, and it was in order to escape the murderous hand of the oldtime pirates that it was originally located on these small islands at the outlet of Lake Mälar. The situation of the city is ideal and well deserves its title of the Venice of the North, for it is cut into numerous sections by waterways which separate and yet unite it.

The Viking Ship

The palace is of the continental type of shabbiness, but contains many rich tapestries and objects of art which deserve attention. It is interesting to remember that its royal occupants are not of Swedish ancestry. Upon the death of Charles XIII., in 1810, there being no male issue, one of Napoleon's generals, Bernadotte, was placed upon the throne by the Swedes. The royal family of to-day are his direct descendents, and it is no wonder that the capital city of the empire shows the impress of French influence.

Stockholm is a city which deserves the favor of tourists. It is not rich in historical treasures, and the ordinary sights can be seen in one day; but on the other hand the pretty parks, gardens, cafés and restaurants offer good music and a restful satisfaction.

The Swedes are passionate lovers of music, and on the central square of the city stands the royal opera house, which is well patronized, and where only the best music is offered. From this city came the famous Jenny Lind, whose sweet voice charmed so many American audiences.

At present Sweden is not one of the great world powers as she was at the time of the Seven Years' War, nor has her king the influence of Gustavus III., who, assisted by Lord Fersen, endeavored to persuade the European powers to release Louis XVI. and the unfortunate Marie Antoinette from the hands of the revolutionists. The unexpected death of Gustavus put an end to the plan. At present Sweden as well as Norway would be swallowed up by greedy Russia were it not for the protecting hand of the British Empire. The united force of Scandinavia is too small to play a strong part on the chessboard of the world, and Norway and Sweden must be content with intellectual rather than the military feats which have characterized her past history.

The most interesting church is the Ridderholm, which has now been turned over as a shrine to the great men and heroes of the nation. The floor and walls are completely covered by tablets and mausoleums in commemoration of their deeds, and the transepts and chapels are filled with statues and battle-flags torn and faded by time.

SEPTEMBER 7TH.—We have been patiently awaiting the arrival of Aloha, left at Odde. The weather having been thick for the last two days, we had hardly expected her, but in the afternoon were delighted to see her tall masts creep around the island near the naval station, and it was not long before we were once more at home. Yesterday was Harriet's birthday but we had put off the celebration, knowing that a dinner à la Aloha would hardly be appreciated at the Grande hotel, if they knew our style of procedure on the occasion of a birthday. Sarah, with the help of Marion, had been costuming us during the day, and by dinner-time we all appeared as blushing Scandinavian damsels in red waists and caps. Sarah looked like a pretty native. Jake, Pete and the Doctor were well rouged, in the hope that the brilliancy of their complexions would make up for the defects of their rotund figures. Although they wore skirts and tried to look as feminine as possible, without shaving, their appearance was rather more grotesque than attractive. Harriet, knowing we were up to something, and determining not to be outdone, appeared in Jake's uniform coat, usurped his place at the head of the table, and with a pistol at her right kept the company in good order. The feast went off with a good deal of hilarity and was capped with a tremendous birthday cake, which the steward had thoughtfully prepared.

SEPTEMBER 9TH.—Yesterday, while supplies were being procured and the yacht was being coaled, we made a trip on the launch through the canal and over part of Lake Mälar. At evening the American consul and chargé d'affaires, Mr. Adams, his wife and daughters, dined on board, and early this morning we were again on our way.

We had not been steaming long when the glass began to fall rapidly, the wind to rise and there was every indication of a hard storm approaching. It was deemed best to anchor at once and at this point we remained for almost two days. Though thirty miles back from the Baltic, the wind was blowing so hard that the little channel through which our route lay, although fairly well protected by the land, was whipped into a mass of foam.

SEPTEMBER 10TH.—This afternoon, we again tried to reach the Baltic, but after going a short distance had to anchor once more for the night.

SEPTEMBER 11TH.—Friday morning saw us really started and our crossing was most comfortable. The Baltic had exhausted itself with its last fit of passion and was now calm and peaceful. We subsequently learned that one of the boats which kept steadily on her way, as we lay at anchor, rolled her lifeboats under and was unable to land her pilot, carrying him on to Kiel.

SEPTEMBER 14TH.—Kiel was reached early Monday morning and we at once went ashore to inspect the city, which is a bustling, busy town, showing signs of rapid growth, but were it not the headquarters of the German navy, would be uninteresting for the traveler. We were fortunate in finding the harbor crowded with warships just returned from the maneuvers in the Baltic. The long, double line of cruisers and battleships, in their ugly leaden war paint, gave us an impressive object-lesson on the strength and progressiveness of the rejuvenated German Empire as a sea-power. Our quartermaster had a busy time of it, as we passed through the line of battleships, and, while I have no means of knowing how many vessels were in harbor, it would seem that there were at least one hundred, as the double lines extended all the way from the quays in the town to the entrance of the canal, a distance of more than a mile.

Aloha entered the canal about three o'clock in the afternoon, in the wake of a cruiser going back to her station in the North Sea. The canal is a splendid piece of engineering, perfectly equipped and maintained. Lighted by electric lights throughout its entire length, at night it forms a very pretty picture. It is fifty-two miles in length and entered at either end through massive stone locks.

Although against the ordinary regulations, we induced our pilot to moor the ship in the canal during the night, that we might go through by daylight. With a very knowing wink, he notified us just before dark that he had discovered the machinery

to be out of order, and that it would take several hours to repair it; he "can see nothing to do but tie up until morning." We "caught on," tied up and waited until morning.

The country one sees from the canal is a prosperous farming land, with substantially built farmhouses and well tilled fields of grain. In many places were picturesque windmills, suggesting Holland, giving one the impression of a quiet, contented and prosperous community.

We passed out of the canal at its western gate about three o'clock in the afternoon, entering at once the shoal waters at the mouth of the river Elbe where it joins the North Sea, the harbour of Cuxhaven being four or five miles off to port. The ship channel from this point out into the open sea is narrow and beset with dangers to the mariner. The pilot remarked that the bottom is lined with wrecks, and a glance at the North Sea chart is sufficient to impress one with the perils of these waters, for all over the chart are little black crosses that mark the place where some vessel has gone down. The full-rigged ship, H. Bishoff, so much admired while anchored beside Coronet, in the harbor of Honolulu seven years ago, now lies on this beach to tell the sad tale of many a gallant vessel. We threaded the channel with safety and before nightfall were well clear of the land, running before a fresh breeze, with the little island of Heligoland off our starboard quarter. A magnificent sunset brought out in bold relief the rough cliffs and almost perpendicular sides of this curious island, which seems to have been in turn the possession of almost every nation bordering on the North Sea. It is now a favorite resort of wealthy Germans who want pure and unadulterated sea air in the summer time.

There seemed to be a general impression among the sailor-men that our North Sea crossing was a good one, but I am of the opinion that to the uninitiated it would have been regarded as anything but smooth; from which I conclude that, if you get across the North Sea in any sort of condition, you may consider yourself fortunate. However, Aloha stood up to her work in splendid style, and by Thursday afternoon the Scotch coast was sighted. With this came a realizing sense of the fact that the cruise was fast draw-

ing to an end and that we must very soon say good-bye to Aloha. Curiously enough, just here, at the very end of our cruise, almost within sight of our anchorage in the harbor of Leith, we met with our only mishap.

As we were steaming in at ten o'clock, with a thin fog shutting off surrounding objects, the sails and hull of a fishing-smack suddenly loomed up, bearing down on our starboard bow not more than two hundred yards distant. Neither the Captain nor the sailing-master could make out any lights, but by throwing the wheel hard over, we managed almost to clear the boat. Not entirely, however, for in falling off astern, her jibboom fouled our starboard fore-brace, and with the tremendous leverage that this afforded, the strain proved too great, and the fore-yard parted in the middle. This released the fisherman, who drifted off astern and was almost immediately lost to sight in the fog. Fortunately, no further damage was done, and at last accounts nothing had been heard from the smack, so we concluded that she had not suffered damage enough to interfere with her keeping on to sea.

The pilot soon came aboard, but the night was spent at anchor outside the harbor. Entering the wonderful docks of Leith in the morning, it was not long before we were off for Edinburgh, a distance of about two miles.

SEPTEMBER 18TH.—After an early luncheon we started to renew acquaintance with the Castle, which had been claiming attention ever since our arrival in Edinburgh, perched as it is high above the houses on a rocky cliff, where it can be seen from almost any part of the city. The Castle deserves many visits before the traveler can begin to gain any idea of its numerous parts and of the wonderful historic interest connected with each, but we were unable to do more than follow the guide around the regular route shown to all who visit this place and then drive on to Holyrood Palace. Here, while wandering through the private rooms of Mary Queen of Scots, our sympathy was once more aroused for that most unhappy and ill-fated queen.

The hurried view which we had obtained of Edinburgh was ended by the advent of the coach. At three p. m. it drew up in

front of the hotel where we had lunched, and under the genial tuition of our old friend Charlie Young, our coaching days were begun. This afternoon a visit was made to Roslyn chapel, where we had the opportunity of seeing the exquisite architecture of that costly and unfinished church. The lines are so fantastic and the decorations so ornate, as to suggest a foreign architect for its conception, while the apprentice's pillar seems a text for the oft repeated story of jealousy between the master and pupil.

The drive back in the Scotch gloaming was all that reconciled us to an early departure on the morrow.

"East, West, Hame 's best." Verily the hearth-stone of Aloha is always home for us.

"The Coach Made About Nine Knots an Hour"

CHAPTER VIII

IN OLD ENGLAND

SEPTEMBER 19TH.—Our days of yachting are ended, and although pleasant to prepare for days of coaching and life in London, it is an effort to say good-bye to Aloha, to whom we have become more attached than ever. She will be compelled to wait in Leith until after her fore-yard is repaired, when she will proceed homeward.

The habits of life at sea are not easily exchanged for those of coaching; as Jake piloted the coach and four out of Edinburgh's thoroughfares to the macadam roads of rolling Scotland, we found our minds and thoughts still acting along nautical lines. From the start the coach made about nine knots an hour. Jake on the bridge steered our rumbling craft by the unaccustomed means of reins, and at first confessed it seemed more awkward than a wheel; but by the time the first stop was made, he remembered himself in time not to yell: "Let go the anchor!"

The rural life is characteristic of Scotland. As we rolled along the road bordered by yellow oats, the smooth and grain-laden fields impressed upon us the years of toil which had brought the country to such a refined state of production. The fields of the British Isles are outlined by hedges of hawthorn as thick and carefully trimmed along the highways as if they enclosed the lawn of a private estate. A heavy Scotch mist enshrouded us as we gained the rolling moorland; the bleak wind, which made the grazing sheep seem quite frozen, failed to frighten away the dampness which clung to us and obscured the view.

It was harvest time, and the heavy grain in rich clusters bent the stems to earth. In places the fields were already harvested, and the smoothly cut stubble looked like a soft and velvety bed prepared as a comfortable couch to receive the carefully bundled sheaves. On one occasion we turned a bend in the road so unexpectedly as to come upon a number of grouse, but more

commonly espied the white tail of a rabbit fleeing from us with astonishing speed.

During the first days we became accustomed to the scenery of Scotland, but after crossing the border imagined the country had a decidedly English appearance, which could not be mistaken. The great estates were walled in from the roadway with high masonry, which forebade a look at the well kept grounds save from a high vehicle such as ours, while the great hall was so far from the road that it could not be seen, and we had to be contented with a glimpse through the pillared gateway. There was certainly a marked difference between the estates and the narrow streets of the squalid towns, where the houses were crowded upon the roadway and the abundant rumshops proved the intemperance of the poorer classes. The towns did not detain us long however, for Tommy blew the horn, the streets were cleared and we dashed through to the fresh air of the open fields.

Coaching with good horses is a great treat, especially on the well kept roads of Great Britain. The coach represents the old mail carrier and is still treated with great respect. The road is quickly cleared of vehicles of less dignified bearing, and we rolled off the miles with wonderful celerity. It all seemed quite easy to those of us on the coach, for Jake managed the ribbons and the horses did the rest. They were good brutes, worked well together, carrying us forty and fifty miles a day without difficulty. Half of this distance was done with one team in the morning, and a fresh team took us the rest of the way in the afternoon.

From Edinburgh to the border the road was hilly, and at Northumberland it was at times heavy work on the long grades. It was never tedious, and as soon as we had escaped this region the hills were no longer troublesome.

There is a sport in coaching which is difficult to describe, and yet at times it seems to cater to one's spirit as effectively as yachting. Each roadway has a new view to delight one, and like the everchanging kaleidoscope attracts the eye by its unexpected variety. The pleasure of companionship on the coach is one element of delight, while the rumble of the wheels, the music of

the horses' hoofs on the firm ground and the clanking of the chains, make a pleasing accompaniment to this luxurious life of sightseeing.

One of the charms of coaching life in Britain is stopping at the many inns known as "pubs," or "public 'ouses." They have fascinating names and are never modern or by any means new-fangled. Most of them have reached a respectable old age at least, and many date back centuries, as the Saracen's Head at Lincoln, which is at least six hundred years old, and probably received its name in the days of the Crusades.

The proprietors of English inns always give an impression of being well nourished gentlemen inclined to sportsmanship and goodfellowship. The barmaids are attractive. The meals are all well served, and it is safe to guarantee that a meal of the same lack of variety can be secured at any inn in the land. A cold joint with a mug of bitter and a portion of tart is always served for luncheon, the only variety lying in the fact that the cut of mutton comes from a different sheep in each township. Even this cannot be guaranteed.

Our first night was spent at Melrose and the Scotch burr was quite evident, particularly in the cute language of the children who played in front of the hotel, addressing each other in a fascinating tongue as incomprehensible to us as an unknown language. Melrose has a dignified repose, which was accentuated by the quiet when we awoke on Sunday morning and attended the Manor church. The minister had a deep, rich voice, which gave a dignified tone to the service and carried conviction to the hearts of the gray-haired elders, who nodded their heads and patted their canes in approval of the doctrines promulgated from the pulpit. The congregation joined in the singing with marked fervor, which almost shook the walls of the old church. I left the sanctuary with the feeling that these people know the real spirit of worship, which pervades not only the church but characterizes their quiet Sunday.

From Melrose it is but a short excursion to Scott's home at Abbotsford, and to Dryburgh Abbey where his remains lie in a quiet corner of the ruins. It is a lonely but beautiful spot.

We had already begun to hear of that ancient spirit of border warfare which Scott has celebrated in verse and prose, and as we progressed toward the south and even far beyond the border, the history of that long struggle between Scotland and England was impressed upon us by the battlefield, ruin and castle where the brave had fought. Kelso interested us on account of its cathedral, but more because it was the center of bloodshed during those years of unrest when alternately under English and Scottish rule the quiet town looked in vain for a stable government.

At Flodden Field we saw the site of that great fight in which the Scotch were defeated in 1513. At first the victors, they finally retired, leaving King James IV. and many nobles on the field with ten thousand men.

The itinerary carried us along the eastern border of England, through the Cathedral towns. On a previous drive the beauties of English cathedral architecture had been revealed to us, but this trip took us further from London and led through Durham, York, Lincoln, Ely, and Peterborough. They were not offered to us in quick succession, by which they might suffer; but, by contrast with the delights of coaching through nature's country, we were enabled the more to appreciate these wonderful pieces of human creation.

Durham does not lie far from the Scotch border. It has a wonderful location on a height almost surrounded by a bend of the River Wear which separates this consecrated spot completely from the quaint old town. On one side the cathedral is approached by a fine old stone bridge upon which is Scott's stanza:

> "*Gray towns of Durham,*
> *Yet well I love thy mixed and massive piles,*
> *Half church of God, half castle 'gainst the Scot,*
> *And long to roam those venerable aisles,*
> *With records stored of deeds long since forgot.*"

The location of this cathedral, as well as its ancient style of architecture, gives one an impression of impregnability and great age, rendering it an appropriate burial spot for the Venerable

Bede, whose remains lie under the Lady Chapel, marked with a simple line, "*Hac sunt in fossa, Bædæ venerabilis ossa.*" This church dates back to the time of William the Conqueror, and beside it is the castle built by that great Norman, in 1072.

SEPTEMBER 24TH.—We reached York at noon, after driving thirty-two miles from North Allerton. By so doing the entire afternoon was free for sight-seeing. The Minster is on the site of two previous churches; the first is of Saxon times and the present church, young in comparison, dates back almost to the time of William the Conqueror. At York he built two castles, and the old defensive wall of the fourteenth century still surrounds the city. It is dear to the inhabitants on account of its age, but quite useless against the guns of modern warfare.

In spite of the fact that the Minster has been burned and sacked, its state of preservation is wonderful, and its real beauty has suffered little. Having come directly from Durham, where the heaviness of the Norman architecture had been impressed upon us, the airiness and grace of York, with its early English lines, made a marked contrast. The old glass has been surprisingly well preserved, and the rich expanse of the east window is quite rare in beauty and impressive from the standpoint of workmanship.

A treat awaited me at dusk when I returned to the cathedral and heard the organ's deep notes. The place was quite deserted, the worshipers and sightseers having departed. No footfall disturbed the quiet grandeur of the great pillars, as the sunlight failed and I was left alone to enjoy the massive outlines of dim arches reaching vaguely heavenward. Robbed of all details the vaulting reached upward like an impressionistic painting and nothing but vastness was left, a monument to the fearless plan of its architects. Seated at the base of a pillar, I was filled with thoughts of the story those walls could unfold. The giant tones of the organ crept from one stony wall to another and vibrated from pillar to pillar. What an accompaniment was that for the reverence of one's soul! It recalled the noble deeds of innumerable makers of English history who now lie buried here.

Bishops, warriors and statesmen, quiet now, but each helped to make a milestone in the progress of his race.

SEPTEMBER 25TH.—We left the hotel in a mist, but were soon rolling along in the sunshine which sweetened the landscape. In places the hares fled from the roadside and grouse appeared in groups.

An interesting incident of the drive was the opportunity of seeing the first passenger locomotive ever built, which is on exhibition at Darlington, where we stopped one day for lunch. The Stockton and Darlington Railway was the first passenger line opened in England; and the first locomotive used on this line, in 1825, is now to be seen on the main platform of the railway station. Small and curious it appears now, after seeing the wonderful iron horses which pull a long train of well filled Pullmans over the Rockies, but small as it appears and curious as its construction may seem, its advent created a greater sensation and wrought a greater change in transportation than the monsters of the twentieth century. For some miles, before reaching Lincoln, we could see its lofty spires towering over the city. The quiet view which some of us had of its interior at dusk will never be forgotten.

SEPTEMBER 27TH.—It was a pleasure to awake prepared to spend a quiet Sunday after our week of steady driving and to attend service in the choir of the cathedral; in the afternoon, again to climb the hill on which the Minster stands, once more to walk about its beautiful interior and to admire the fine towers and western façade. It promised much and we were not in the least disappointed, for it can have no rival. It offers no disappointments. Its exterior and interior, its majestic size and fine state of preservation, make Lincoln Cathedral unsurpassed and quite beyond one's power of criticism.

SEPTEMBER 28TH.—Monday morning we were off bright and early and by noon pulled up at the Crown Hotel, Bourne. It proved to be market day in that town, and it was an interesting sight to walk about the square where the goods were open for in-

spection, and where everything could be bought, from cattle to a needle or spool of thread.

The Great Northern Hotel at Peterborough was reached in time for us to visit the cathedral before dark; but great as it is, it seemed to us not to compare with wonderful Lincoln. On our return to the hotel, we found a large crowd gathered outside the railway station, and on inquiry learned that Lord Roberts was expected on the next train, coming to unveil a tablet in the cathedral; so we, too, watched from our window the arrival of one of England's greatest living heroes.

SEPTEMBER 29TH.—Our road now led through March and Chatteris to Ely. Here we put up at the Lamb Hotel. Few minutes had elapsed after our arrival before we were within the portals of Ely's wonderful cathedral. Long we stood admiring the beauty of its unique lantern tower, then turned aside into the Lady Chapel, with its exquisite carvings. The waning light and the consequent closing of the cathedral drove us back, unwillingly, to the hotel, promising ourselves another visit the following morning.

Leaving the cathedrals behind, our horses and thoughts are today turned toward the Newmarket Heath where, upon invitation of Mr. J. Arthur James, a Steward of the Jockey Club, we enjoyed the second meeting of the year, and after it was over drove at a sharp pace to Cambridge, where horses were changed; then on in the bright starlight until the Bull Hotel at Royston was reached, having lost no time on account of the races.

OCTOBER 1ST.—The following day our route led on through Hitchin to the Red Lion Hotel at Hatfield, for luncheon, then through Wheatstone, where our last change of horses was made. Late that afternoon we pulled up at the door of the Hyde Park Hotel, London, and here the delightful coaching trip came to an end. Twelve days we had driven under the most favorable conditions, with a good coach and plenty of excellent horses, on fine roads through an interesting country, but, above all, there had not been one drop of rain from the time we left Edinburgh until our destination was reached—a most unusual record.

Eight days fly by in London, that city which good Americans love. As we stand on the Cymric's deck on the afternoon of October 9th, our thoughts turn lovingly to the days on Aloha and the fireside about which so many happy hours have been spent. Our hearts are sad at leaving you on this side, and could your lovely wings be spread to bear us homeward, how gladly would we exchange this big ship for you! Time, that dictator of all our lives, beckons us on and we bid you farewell, with gratitude for our happy days on board and a welcome in each heart when you shall have safely returned.

Aloha to Hawaii.

JOSEPH D. REDDING.

1. The south wind from o - ver the Sea, Sings sweet - ly A - lo - ha to me The waves as they fall on the sand. Sing A - lo - ha and bid me to land, The myr - i - ad flow - ers in bloom Waft A - lo - ha in ev - 'ry per - fume I read in each love - lit eye A - lo - ha, A - lo - ha nui oe.

2. Oh moon of the South - ern Sea, Bear glad - ly this mes - sage to thee, Gild the wa - ters that fall on the sand, Kiss the breez - es ca - ress - ing the land, Fill the val - ley's with thy fair - y light Help the stars to make love to the night, On sil - ver rays un - al - loyed. A - lo - ha, A - lo - ha nui o.

To Mrs. ARTHUR CURTISS JAMES
with compliments of F. S. HASTINGS,
May 29th, 1904.

APPENDIX

To Part III

ALOHA HOMEWARD BOUND

(Extracts from Journal of Sailing-Master, Capt. P. Bezanson)

APPENDIX

EDINBURGH, SEPT. 22D, 1903.—Repairs to fore-yard now finished. At 12:30 unmoored ship and proceeded to sea, bound for Southampton; 3:30 abreast Aberlady Bay, ran into thick fog and came to anchor, strong head wind moderating at sundown.

SEPTEMBER 23D.—At 5:30 got under way and proceeded to sea; 10:40 passed St. Allb's light; signaled and asked to be reported to New York Herald; afternoon thick fog, strong head winds, ship going full speed under steam but only making three knots in head sea. The weather continues thick but winds moderating and smoother sea.

SEPTEMBER 24TH.—Mr. Hammond reports this morning, only twenty-four hours' coal left, so pilot thinks of putting into Grimsby if we can find the harbor. At 3:30 p. m. came to anchor close to Bull light, but fog too thick to enter harbor.

SEPTEMBER 25TH.—8 a. m. got into dock; went to dock-master who directed us to Mr. Bamster, a very obliging man, who gave us coal and provisions; in the afternoon we saw a little of this fishing town; namely, Grimsby Parish Church dedicated to St. James; an old abbey church, built in the twelfth century, in the early English style of architecture; on the same site existed a Norman edifice of which no portion now remains. At the time of the dissolution of the religious houses, the church was allowed to fall into decay, but in the reign of Elizabeth, restorations were carried out, and the inhabitants pulled down the old St. Mary's church and used the materials for the restoration of St. James'. The clock with chimes was added in 1897, to commemorate Her Majesty the Queen's Diamond Jubilee. We also visited the birthplace of Lord Tennyson, late poet-laureate; also viewed Lincoln Cathedral, but had not time to go in.

SEPTEMBER 26TH.—6 a. m. proceeded to sea, winds moderate, hazy, ship under full steam; 1:20 a. m. passed Dudgeon lightship north end of Gudwin Sands.

SEPTEMBER 27TH.—Light winds and fog; 8 a. m. passed Gudwin Sands lightship; 10:30 a. m. passed Dover; hoisted numbers and asked to be reported to New York Herald; 10:45 anchored in Portsmouth Roads; light, variable winds and hazy.

SEPTEMBER 28TH.—Arrived in Southampton. Found the Utowana belonging to Mr. A. V. Armour, the first American yacht we have seen since leaving New York. In Southampton we found a very pretty town and a great many places of note; also saw the Isle of Wight.

OCTOBER 12TH.—We left, after stopping two weeks and getting repairs and fitting up for our ocean cruise home. At 10:45 a. m. proceeded down the river, the wind blowing strong from west. Came to anchor off Cowes, and here we lay until Oct. 16th. Got under way and proceeded down the channel. Winds increasing to gale, we bore away for Pool Bay and came to anchor off Swanage, a very pretty summer resort.

OCTOBER 17TH.—Got under way in the morning; winds N.W. strong; ship under full steam and sail. When off Portland, wind backed to west, blowing a heavy gale. Bore away for Portland Breakwater, arriving at noon. There they told us the wind was blowing at the rate of seventy miles per hour. In the afternoon we coaled.

SUNDAY, OCT. 19TH.—Got under way and proceeded to sea; the wind S.W., weather threatening. Sunday evening cloudy, rain squalls and strong gale; bore away for Dartmouth. There we heard the Utowana had left only twelve hours ahead of us, making a gain of six days in our favor from Southampton. We were comforted to know that other yachts had had a hard time as well as ourselves.

OCTOBER 21ST.—Proceeded to sea; wind N. W. strong; midnight, strong gale, rough sea, ship laboring heavily, sighted Ushant light ahead. Wore ship and headed towards Lizard Point.

OCTOBER 22D.—Strong N. W. gale; noon wore ship, headed S.W. by W. When about two hundred miles west of Ushant, were struck by a westerly gale in which the Aloha was hove to three days, and on the night of Oct. 27th were run into by S.S. Zoroaster of London, bound for Aden.

FALMOUTH, October 29th, 1903.

To Capt. James,

My DEAR SIR:—I am very sorry to have to write you that we have met with so serious an accident, but more than thankful that our lives have been spared.

We were hove to for three days with a S.W. to W. gale blowing at times with hurricane force, our little ship being tossed about like a feather but weathering it fine. On the night of 27th of October, the wind backed to S. and S.E., moderating, but very rainy, wore ship and headed W. S.W. at midnight under lower topsail, forestaysail, main staysail and storm trysail; at 3 a. m. the wind being about east, blowing hard, we were head reaching W.S.W., with seas running like mountains.

3:30 a. m. sighted steamer's light red on starboard quarter going the same course as ourselves, quite close but going by all right; when about two points abaft the beam he suddenly altered his course to port, apparently to cross our bow; Mr. Davidson was on deck at the time and shouted for him to port his wheel; I heard him, and running on deck saw the steamer coming right for our fore-rigging. I then heard him tell his man at the wheel to hard-a-port. (We were going at the time about 2 knots into a head sea.) He struck us on starboard bow, carrying away all head-gear, figurehead, starboard buffalo and fore channels; we swung around broadside to him and both seemed to be coming together, when on a huge wave we rolled apart, he forging ahead passed clear of us; this I wish to state was all that saved our ship and

lives. If we had met in the trough of the sea the Aloha and all hands would have been at the bottom of the ocean and probably the steamer as well, for if we had met in the trough of the sea we would have rolled together and mashed us all to pieces. The steamer turned around and hailed us, and I told him to stand by; he said he would; we got steam as soon as possible for fear she would be leaking—we had n't had steam for four days—we made an examination and found the hull was all right and making no water, so secured the head gear, the bowsprit and jibboom being on an angle of about forty-five degrees to port, rigged studding sail boom out to starboard and rigged guys to hold it.

At daylight the steamer came close enough for us to read her name; we hoisted our numbers and he answered with his. I signaled to him we didn't want any assistance. He gave us the port he was bound to, Aden via Port Said; also hoisted his signals stating he was very sorry. I told him I would go back to Falmouth. He told me to communicate with his owners, and proceeded on his voyage at 9 a. m. We headed back for Falmouth, one hundred and forty miles distant, the wind then was N. W. blowing half a gale but moderating and clearing; arrived here yesterday morning at 10:30 a. m. I went to the American Consul, Mr. Fox, and wired to you, also to the owners of the steamship and got their letter, which I shall enclose. My wire was:

> "At 3:30 A. M., October 27th, while 80 miles west of Ushant, was run into by your S. S. Zoroaster. I hold your Zoroaster responsible for damage; will hold survey to-morrow; invite you to have representative on board."

The consul advised me to hold survey as soon as possible, so we decided to hold it at noon to-day. We have had survey and will send you copy of report. I have also communicated with Liverpool and will send them a report. I didn't know that company was interested in the Aloha; I don't remember your telling me or I shouldn't have had survey so soon, but the consul said it made no matter.

We have had bad luck ever since you left us; seems impossible for us to get home. The wind has been from S.W. to W.N.W. here for a month, and most of the time blowing a gale. They say here they have had the worst weather they have had for years. I will show you a diagram of our week's work, so you can judge for yourself. Was in hopes to be home by this time; now I think I will go a southern trip as it is so late. The varnish is washed off the deck and houses—looks far worse than she did on the trip to Iceland, and only out a week. We have tested her seagoing qualities and find her a fine sea-boat; not afraid to go anywhere with her; in hopes to make speedy repairs and get off soon.

I expect some of the crew will leave, as they were pretty near frightened to death.

Well, Mr. James, it was the nearest call I have seen yet; if the Aloha had gone there was no chance for us, as the sea was so bad no boat could have lived. I think the sea was running the highest I ever saw it, and combing so bad I consider us very fortunate. Feel bad to lose so much time and expense, but very glad we were spared to get into port safely again.

I will write often and give you full particulars of what we are doing.

Very truly yours,

P. Bezanson.

I cheerfully corroborate the captain's statement.

Engineer, D. E. Hammond.
First mate, H. P. Smith.

During our stay at Falmouth, we had a good chance to see Cornwall. There is a wild romance about the scenery of Cornwall that stamps it with a character peculiar to itself; it may be the gloomy fens, with their treacherous bogs and weird stunted oaks, that impress us with an indescribable feeling of mystery or it may be the frowning heights and rugged coast-line lashed into irregular picturesqueness by the ever wrathful sea; or, perhaps, it is the quaint old towns and villages, with their rocky streets and houses, telling of a bygone age. Whatever may be the cause, this strangely pleasant mysticism is there and lurks in every gnarled tree trunk and red-tiled homestead. It is a mysticism fostered and kept alive by old Cornish legends and ancient memories of stirring times when the bold knights of King Arthur clattered along the country roads, bent upon some chivalrous errand worthy of those who feasted at the far-famed Round Table. Later, too, the bold doings of the Cornish smugglers furnished many a thrilling story to be handed down from father to son for generations by the fisher folks. Every cove and dangerous reef in the long coast line has its own little history of fearsome shipwreck and daring deeds of pirate or smuggler, and upon no spot in the kingdom has the spell of romance cast its glamour more indelibly than upon this sea-swept country.

A very pretty town, about eight miles from Falmouth, called Truro, is noted for its fine cathedral and colleges. From Truro the river of the same name flows through beautiful scenery, rich in woodland and hills, towards the stately home of Lord Falmouth, commanding views which the queen compared to scenery on the banks of the Rhine. Viscount Falmouth may well be proud of his splendid house, famous for its pictures and fine park, with its carvings, rookeries and herds of fleet-footed deer.

The harbor of Falmouth is formed by the estuaries of four or five rivers, and narrowing inland it merges with the waters of the Penrhyn River, on the banks of which is the pretty little village of Flushing, which bears the reputation of being the warmest spot in Cornwall, a reputation, however, which in no way reflects upon its standard of ethics. St. Mawes, a striking and interesting relic of the past, is a round castle, built in the time of Henry

VIII., and said to be the largest of its kind in England. A fine sweep of sea flings its foam-flecked waves on the rocky shores of Falmouth Bay, and the well kept roadway running around the inlet affords the visitor a splendid promenade. The people of Falmouth were very kind to us. Mr. Howard Fox, the American consul, has a beautiful home and gardens, which remind one of the tropics.

After getting our repairs done, we once more started for New York, with strong N.W. winds, heavy head sea.

NOVEMBER 24TH.—After steaming about twelve hours, the wind hauled to N.N.W. Put ship under full sail, the wind continuing to the Azores, making the run in six days. After leaving the Azores, the wind hauled north, strong, with heavy rain squalls, ship running under lower topsail and foresail for three days. Then the wind hauled to east, and we squared the yards and took in fore-and-aft sails. Here Aloha did some rolling. We had fine weather, with fresh and moderate winds, to Bermuda, when we encountered a heavy west gale, and were hove to twenty-four hours; the first stop we have made since leaving Falmouth. After the gale moderated, the wind backed to S.W., so put ship on port tack, with steam and sail.

DECEMBER 14TH.—We are still six hundred miles from New York, and a heavy head wind; doesn't look like spending Christmas home, but hope it will soon be over.

DECEMBER 15TH.—In northern edge of Gulf Stream, and snow squalls; must mean winter in America.

DECEMBER 18TH.—Sighted land six miles west of Barnegat; wind fresh, very cold and freezing; headed ship for Sandy Hook, and passed Sandy Hook lightship, 8:30 a. m. Arrived at Tebo's Dock, 10 a. m., all well, and glad to get home.

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